PN
4305
.D6B24

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

BAKER'S DIALECT RECITATIONS

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM

STANDARD ELOCUTIONARY BOOKS

FIVE-MINUTE READINGS FOR YOUNG LADIES. Selected and adapted by WALTER K. FOBES. Cloth. 50 cents.

FIVE-MINUTE DECLAMATIONS. Selected and adapted by WALTER K. FOBES, teacher of elocution and public reader; author of "Elocution Simplified." Cloth. 50 cents.

FIVE-MINUTE RECITATIONS. By WALTER K. FOBES. Cloth. 50 cents.

Pupils in public schools on declamation days are limited to five minutes each for the delivery of "pieces." There is a great complaint of the scarcity of material for such a purpose, while the injudicious pruning of eloquent extracts has often marred the desired effects. To obviate these difficulties, new "Five-Minute" books have been prepared by a competent teacher.

ELOCUTION SIMPLIFIED. With an appendix on Lisping, Stammering, and other Impediments of Speech. By WALTER K. FOBES, graduate of the "Boston School of Oratory." 16mo. Cloth. 50 cents. Paper, 30 cents.

"The whole art of elocution is succinctly set forth in this small volume, which might be judiciously included among the text-books of schools." — *New Orleans Picayune.*

ADVANCED READINGS AND RECITATIONS. By AUSTIN B. FLETCHER, A.M., LL.B., Professor of Oratory, Brown University, and Boston University School of Law. This book has been already adopted in a large number of Universities, Colleges, Post-graduate Schools of Law and Theology, Seminaries, etc. 12mo. Cloth. $1.50.

"Professor Fletcher's noteworthy compilation has been made with rare rhetorical judgment, and evinces a sympathy for the best forms of literature, adapted to attract readers and speakers, and mould their literary taste." — PROF. J. W. CHURCHILL, *Andover Theological Seminary.*

THE COLUMBIAN SPEAKER. Consisting of choice and animated pieces for declamation and reading. By LOOMIS J. CAMPBELL, and ORIN ROOT, Jun. 16mo. Cloth. 75 cents.

Mr. Campbell, as one of the editors of "Worcester's Dictionaries," the popular "Franklin Readers," and author of the successful little work, "Pronouncing Hand-Book of 3,000 Words," is well known as a thorough scholar. Mr. Root is an accomplished speaker and instructor in the West, and both, through experience knowing the need of such a work, are well qualified to prepare it. *It is a genuine success.*

VOCAL AND ACTION-LANGUAGE, CULTURE AND EXPRESSION. By E. N. KIRBY, teacher of elocution in the Lynn High Schools. 12mo. English cloth binding. Price, $1.25.

"Teachers and students of the art of public speaking, in any of its forms, will be benefited by a liberal use of this practical hand-book." — *Prof. Churchill.*

KEENE'S SELECTIONS. Selection for reading and elocution. A hand-book for teachers and students. By J. W. KEENE, A.M., M.D. Cloth. $1.

"An admirable selection of practical pieces."

LITTLE PIECES FOR LITTLE SPEAKERS. The primary school teacher's assistant. By a practical teacher. 16mo. Illustrated. 75 cents. Also in boards, 50 cents. Has had an immense sale.

THE MODEL SUNDAY-SCHOOL SPEAKER. Containing selections in prose and verse, from the most popular pieces and dialogues for Sunday-school exhibitions. Illust. Cloth. 75 cents. Boards, 50 cents

"A book very much needed."

LEE AND SHEPARD Publishers Boston

OCT 17 1881

BAKER'S DIALECT SERIES

MEDLEY DIALECT RECITATIONS

COMPRISING A SERIES OF

THE MOST POPULAR SELECTIONS

In German, French, and Scotch

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER

COMPILER OF "THE READING CLUB AND HANDY SPEAKER," "THE PREMIUM SPEAKER," "THE POPULAR SPEAKER," "THE PRIZE SPEAKER," "THE HANDY SPEAKER," ETC.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, COPYRIGHT OCT 17 1887 CITY OF WASHINGTON 25375

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM
1888

PN4305
.D6B24

Copyright, 1887,
By GEORGE M. BAKER.

Medley Dialect Recitations.

RAND AVERY COMPANY,
ELECTROTYPERS AND PRINTERS,
BOSTON.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Hans Breitmann's Party	*Charles G. Leland*	5
The Deutsch Maud Muller	*Carl Pretzel*	6
The Dutchman's Serenade		7
Dyin' Vords of Isaac	*Anon.*	9
Lookout Mountain, 1863—Beutelsbach, 1880	*George L. Catlin*	10
Der Shoemaker's Poy		12
Der Drummer	*Charles F. Adams*	13
The Yankee and the Dutchman's Dog		14
Setting a Hen		16
"What's the Matter with that Nose?"	*Our Fat Contributor*	17
Keepin' the De'il oot	*Mrs. Findley Braden*	19
The Puzzled Census-Taker	*John G. Saxe*	22
Dutch Security		23
The Frenchman and the Rats		24
Heinz von Stein	*Charles G. Leland, from the German*	26
The Solemn Book-Agent	*Detroit Free Press*	27
The Mother-in-Law	*Charles Follen Adams*	28
Schneider's Tomatoes	*Charles F. Adams*	29
Dutch Humor		30
Squire Houston's Marriage Ceremony		31
Dot Delephone		31
The United Order of Half-Shells		33
Why no Scotchmen go to Heaven		35
Yawcob Strauss	*C. F. Adams*	36
Leedle Yawcob Strauss—what he says	*Arthur Dakin*	37
Isaac Rosenthal on the Chinese Question	*Scribner's Monthly*	38
"Der Dog und der Lobster"	*Saul Sertrew*	39
"Der Wreck of der Hezberus"		41
Signs and Omens		43
A Dutchman's Answer		44
The Vay Rube Hoffenstein sells		45
A Dutch Recruiting Officer		46
Dot Baby off Mine		47
Dot Leetle Tog under der Vagon		49
Schnitzerl's Velocipede	*Hans Breitmann*	50
The Latest Barbarie Frietchie		51
Mr. Hoffenstein's Bugle		52
Fritz and his Betsy fall out	*George M. Warren*	54
Cut, Cut Behind	*Charles Follen Adams*	57
Tickled all Oafer		58

		PAGE
An Error o' Judgment		59
Sockery Kadahcut's Kat		61
I vash so Glad I vash Here!		63
Dot Shly Leedle Raskel		64
A Jew's Trouble	*Hurwood*	65
Der Mule shtood on der Steamboad Deck	*Anon.*	66
Teaching him the Business		67
Der Good-lookin Shnow		69
How Jake Schneider went Blind		71
The Dutchman and the Raven		72
The Dutchman who gave Mrs. Scudder the Small-Pox		74
Ellen McJones Aberdeen	*W. S. Gilbert*	76
A Dutch Sermon		78
Shacob's Lament		79
Mr. Schmidt's Mistake	*Charles F. Adams*	81
John and Tibbie Davison's Dispute	*Robert Leighton*	82
Fritz und I	*Charles F. Adams*	84
A Tussle with Immigrants	*Philip Douglass*	86
A Doketor's Drubbles	*George M. Warren*	86
Charlie Machree	*William J. Hoppin*	90
A Dutchman's Dolly Varden	*Anon.*	91
The Frenchmen and the Flea-Powder		92
The Frenchman and the Sheep's Trotters		94
I vant to Fly		96
The Frenchman's Mistake		98
"Two Tollar?"	*Detroit Free Press*	100
A Frenchman on Macbeth	*Anon.*	101
Like Mother used to Make	*James Whitcomb Riley, in New-York Mercury*	101
John Chinaman's Protest		102
The Whistler		104
Mother's Doughnuts	*Charles Follen Adams*	105
Over the Left	*W. C. Dornin*	106
A Jolly Fat Friar		107
The Enoch of Calaveras	*F. Bret Harte*	107
Curly-Head	*B. S. Brooks*	109
Warning to Woman		111
An Exciting Contest		112
A Laughing Philosopher		114
In der Shweed Long Ago	*Oofty Gooft*	117
Dot Stupporn Pony	*Harry Woodson*	118
Spoopendyke opening Oysters	*Stanley Huntley*	119
To a Friend studying German	*Charles Godfrey Leland*	122
Tammy's Prize		124
The Scotchman at the Play		128
An Irish Love-Letter	*Geo. M. Baker*	133

MEDLEY DIALECT RECITATIONS.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: dey had piano playin'.
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau; her name vos Matilda Yane.
She had haar as prown as a pretzel bun; her eyes were himmel-blue;
And ven she looket into mine she shplit mine heart into two.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: I vent dar, you'll be pound.
I valzt mit der Matilda Yane, and vent shpinnin' round and round, —
De pootiest fraulein in de house: she weighed two hoondert pound.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: I tells you it cost him dear.
Dey rollt in more as seven kegs of foost-rate lager-bier;
And fenefer dey knocks de shpickets in, de Deutschers gife a cheer;
I dinks so fine a party not come to a hend dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: dere all vas Saus and Braus.
Ven de sooper coom in, de gompany did make demselfs to house;
Dey eat das Brod und Gansebrust, Bratwurst, und Broten fine,
And vash deir Abendessen down mit four barrels of Neckar wein.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: ve all cot trunk as pigs.
I put mine mout' to a parrel of bier, and schwallowed up mit a schwigs.

And den I kissed Matilda Yane, and she schlog me on de kop;
And de gompany fight mit taple-legs till de conshtoble made us shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a party: vere is dat party now?
Vere is de lofely golten cloud dat float on de mountain's prow?
Vere is de Himmelstrahlende Stern, de star of de spirits' light?
All goned afay mit de lager-bier, afay in de Ewigkeit.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE DEUTSCH MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, von summer afternoon,
Vas dending bar in her fadder's saloon.
She solt dot bier, und singed "Shoo Fly,"
Und vinked at der men mit her lefd eye.
But, ven she looked oud on der shdreed,
Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,
Her song gifed oud on a ubber note,
Cause she had such a horse in her troat;
Und she vished she had shdamps to shpend,
So she might git such a Grecian Bend.
Hans Brinker valked shlowly down der shdreed,
Shmilin at all der gals he'd meed.
Old Hans vas rich, as I've been dold,
Had houses und lots und a barrel of gold.
He shdopped py der door; und pooty soon
He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
Und he vinked ad Maud, und said, "My dear,
Gif me, if you pblease, a glass of bier."
She vend to the pblace vere der bier-keg shtood,
Und pringed him a glass dot vas fresh and goot.
"Dot's goot," said Hans: "dot's a better drink
As effer I had in mine life, I dink."
He dalked for a vhile, den said, "Goot tay;"
Und up der shdreed he took his vay.

Maud hofed a sigh, and said, "Oh, how
I'd like to been dot old man's frow!
Such shplendid close I den vood vear,
Dot all the gals around vood shdare.
In dot Union Park I'd drive all tay,
Und efery efenin go to der pblay."
Hans Brinker, doo, felt almighty gweer
(But dot might been von trinkin bier);
Und he says to himself, as he valked along
Humming der dune of a olt lofe-song,
"Dot's der finest gal I efer did see;
Und I vish dot my vife she cood be."
But here his solilligwy came to an end,
As he dinked of der gold dot she might shbend;
Und he maked up his mind dot, as for him,
He'd marry a gal mid lots of "din."
So he vent right off dot fery day,
Und married a vooman olt und gray.
He vishes now, but all in vain,
Dot he was free to marry again,—
Free as he vas dat afdernoon,
When he met Maud Muller in dot bier-saloon.
Maud married a man mitoud some "soap;"
He vas lazy, too; bud she did hope
Dot he'd get bedder ven shildren came:
But ven they had, he vas yoost the same.
Und ofden now dem dears vill come
As she sits alone ven her day's work's done,
Und dinks of der day ven Hans called her "My dear,"
Und asked her for a glass of bier;
But she don'd complain nor efer has:
Und oney says, "Dot coodn't vas." CARL PRETZEL.

THE DUTCHMAN'S SERENADE.

VAKE up, my schveet! Vake up, my lofe!
Der moon dot can't been seen abofe.
Vake oud your eyes, und dough it's late,
I'll make you oud a serenate.

Der shtreet dot's kinder dampy vet,
Und dhere vas no goot blace to set;
My fiddle's getting oud of dune,
So blease get vakey wery soon.

O my lofe! my lofely lofe!
Am you avake ub dhere abofe,
Feeling sad und nice to hear
Schneider's fiddle schrabin near?

Vell, anyvay, obe loose your ear,
Und try to saw if you kin hear
From dem bedclose vat you'm among,
Der little song I'm going to sung:

O lady, vake! Get vake!
Und hear der tale I'll tell;
Oh, you vot's schleebin' sound ub dhere,
I like you pooty vell!

Your plack eyes dhem don't shine
Ven you'm ashleep — so vake!
(Yes, hurry up, und voke up quick,
For gootness cracious sake!)

My schveet imbatience, lofe,
I hobe you vill oxcuse:
I'm singing schveetly (dhere, py Jinks!
Dhere goes a shtring proke loose!)

O putiful, schveet maid!
Oh, vill she efer voke?
Der moon is mooning — (Jimminy! dhere
Anoder shtring vent proke!)

Oh, say, old schleeby head!
(Now I vas getting mad —
I'll holler now, und I don't care
Uf I vake up her dad!)

I say, you schleeby, vake!
Vake oud! Vake loose! Vake ub!
Fire! Murder! Police! Vatch!
Oh, cracious! do vake ub!

Dot girl she schleebed — dot rain it rained,
Und I looked shtoopid like a fool,
Vhen mit my fiddle I shneaked off
So vet und shlobby like a mool!

DYIN' VORDS OF ISAAC.

Vhen Shicago vas a leedle villages, dher lifed dherein py dot Clark Sdhreet out, a shentlemans who got some names like Isaacs; he geeb a cloting store, mit goots dot vit you yoost der same like dhey vas made. Isaacs vas a goot fellers, und makes goot pishness on his hause. Vell, thrade got besser as der time he vas come, und dose leetle shtore vas not so pig enuff like anudder shtore, und pooty gwick he locks out und leaves der pblace.

Now Yacob Schloffenheimer vas a shmard feller; und he dinks of he dook der olt shtore, he got good pishness, und dose olt coostomers von Isaac out. Von tay dhere comes a shentlemans on his store, und Yacob quick say of der mans, "How you vas, mein freund? you like to look of mine goots, aind it?" — "Nein," der mans say. "Vell, mein freund, it makes me notting troubles to show dot goots." — "Nein; I don'd vood buy sometings to-tay." — "Yoost come mit me vonce, mein freund, und I show you sometings, und so hellup me gracious, I don'd ask you to buy dot goots." — "Vell, I told you vat it vas, I don'd vood look at some tings yoost now; I keebs a livery shtable; und I likes to see mein old freund Mister Isaacs, und I came von Kaintucky out to see him vonce." — "Mister Isaacs? Vell, dot ish pad; I vas sorry von dot. I dells you, mein freund, Mister Isaacs he vas died. He vas mein brudder, und he vas not mit us eny more. Yoost vhen he vas on his deat-ped, und vas dyin', he says of me, 'Yacob, (dot ish mine names), und I goes me ofer mit his petside, und he poods his hands of mine, und he says of me, 'Yacob' ofer a man he shall come von Kaintucky out, mit ret hair, und mit plue eyes, Yacob, sell him dings cheab;' und he lay ofer und died his last."

Anonymous.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, 1863—BEUTELSBACH, 1880.

"YAH, I shpeaks English a leetle: berhaps you shpeaks petter der German."
"No, not a word."—"Vel den, meester, it hardt for to be oonderstandt.
I vos drei yahr in your country, I fights in der army mit Sherman—
Twentiet Illinois Infantry—Fightin' Joe Hooker's commandt."

"So you've seen service in Georgia—a veteran, eh?"—"Vell, I tell you
Shust how it vos. I vent ofer in sixty, und landt in Nei-York;
I shpends all mine money, gets sick, und near dies in der Hospiddal Bellevue:
Ven I gets petter I tramps to Sheecago to look for some vork."

"Pretty young then, I suppose?"—"Yah, svansig apout; und der peobles
Vot I goes to for to ask for some vork, dey hafe none for to geef;
Efery von laughs; but I holds my head ope shust so high as der steeples.
Only dot var comes along, or I should have die, I belief."

"Ever get wounded? I notice you walk rather lame and unsteady.
Pshaw! got a wooden leg, eh? What battle? At Lookout! don't say!
I was there too—wait a minute—your beer-glass is empty already
Call for another. There! tell me how 'twas you got wounded that day."

"Vell, ve charge ope der side of her mountain—der sky vos all smoky and hazy;
Ve fight all day long in der clouds, but I nefer get hit until night—
But—I don't care to say moooh apout it. Der poys called me foolish and crazy.
Und der doctor vot cut ofe my leg, he say, 'Goot'—dot it serf me shust right.

"But I dinks I vood do dot thing over again, shust der same, and no matter
Vot any man say." — "Well, let's hear it — you needn't mind talking to me,
For I was there, too, as I tell you — and Lor'! how the bullets did patter
Around on that breastwork of boulders that sheltered our Tenth Tennessee."

"So? Dot vos a Tennessee regiment charged upon ours in de efening,
Shust before dark; und dey yell as dey charge, und ve geef a hurrah,
Der roar of der guns, it vos orful." — "Ah! yes, I remember, 'twas deafening,
The hottest musketry firing that ever our regiment saw."

"Und after ve drove dem back, und der night come on, I listen,
Und dinks dot I hear somepody a callin' — a voice dot cried,
'Pring me some vater for Gott's sake' — I saw his pelt-bate glisten,
Oonder der moonlight, on der parapet, shust outside.

"I dhrow my canteen ofer to vere he lie, but he answer
Dot his left handt vos gone, und his right arm proke mit a fall;
Den I shump ofer, und gife him to drink, but shust as I ran, sir,
Bang! come a sharp-shooter's pullet; und dot's how it vos — dot is all."

"And they called you foolish and crazy, did they? Him you befriended —
The 'reb,' I mean — what became of him? Did he ever come 'round?"
"Dey tell me he crawl to my side, und call till his strength vos all ended,
Until dey come out mit der stretchers, und carry us off from der ground.

"But pefore ve go, he ask me my name, und says he, 'Yacob Keller,
You loses your leg for me, und some day, if both of us leefs,

I shows you I don't vorget' — but he most hafe died, de poor feller ;
I nefer hear ofe him since. He don't get vell, I beliefs.

"Only I alvays got der saddisfachshun ofe knowin' —
Shtop! vots der matter? Here, take some peer, you're vite as a sheet —
Shteady! your handt on my shoulder! my gootness! I dinks you vos goin'
To lose your senses avay, und fall right off mit der seat.

"Geef me your handts. Vot! der left one gone? Und you vos a soldier
In dot same battle? — a Tennessee regiment? — dot's mighty queer —
Berhaps after all you're —" "Yes, Yacob, God bless you old fellow, I told you
I'd never — no, never forget you. I told you I'd come, and I'm here."

GEORGE L. CATLIN.

DER SHOEMAKER'S POY.

DER meat-chopper hanged on der vhitevashed vall,
For no gustomers comed to der putcher's shtall;
Der sausage masheen was no longer in blay,
And der putcher poys all had a holiday.
Der shoemaker's poy comed dere to shlide
On der door of der zellar, but shtealed inside:
Mit der chopping masheen he peginned to make free,
Un he cried, "Dere ish nopody looking at me."
O! der shoemaker's poy,
Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

Der day goed avay, un der night comed on.
Ven der shoemaker vound dat his poy vas gone,
He called up his vrow, un der search pegan
To look for der poy, un vind him if dey can.
Dey seeked un asked for him at efery door, —
At der putcher's, der paker's, un groshery shtore;

At der lager-pier cellar, der shtation-house;
But der answer dey getted vas, "Nix cum arous."
O! der shoemaker's poy,
Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

Dey seeked him all night, un dey seeked him next tay
Un for more as a mont vas der duyvil to pay,
In der alleys, der houses, un efery place round,
In der Toombs, in der rifer, un in der tog-pound.
Dey seeked him in vain undil veeks vas bast,
Un der shoemaker goed to his awl at *last;*
Un ven he'd passed py, all der peeples vould cry,
"Dere goes der shoemaker vot losed his poy!"
O! der shoemaker's poy,
Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

At lenkt der meat-chopping masheen vas in need:
Der putcher goed to it, un dere he seed
A pundle of pones; un der shoes vas dere
Vot der long-lost shoemaker's poy did vear.
His jaws were still vagging, un seemed to say,
"Ven no one vas here, I got in to blay:
It closed mit a shpring, un der poy so green
Vas made sausage-meat by der chopping masheen."
O! der shoemaker's poy,
Der *last* of der shoemaker's poy!

DER DRUMMER.

Who puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysters on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on der vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me by der handt, unt say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes for peesnis righd avay?
Der drummer.

Who sphreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice!"
Und says I gets "der bottom price"?
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine, —
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine," —
Und sheats me den dimes oudt of nine?
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goots vas bought,
Mooch less as vat I gould imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short"?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his route? —
Und ven dey gomes dey vas no goot, —
Der drummer.

Who gomes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup my bier, and eates mine *kraut*,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Dot drummer.

CHARLES F. ADAMS

THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

HIRAM was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow, — always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the

least utility; yet, when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now, it happened that one of Hiram's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman, — one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsch had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had, since leaving his "faderland," become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbors' sheepfold on the same principle.

When Hiram discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he walked over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural method in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep."

"Ya! dat ish bace — bad. He ish von goot tog: ya! dat ish bad!"

"Sartain, it's bad; and you'll have to stop 'im."

"Ya! dat ish allas goot; but ich weis nicht."

"What's that you say? *he was niched?* Wall, now look here, old feller! nickin's no use. Crop 'im; cut the tail off close, chock up to his trunk. that'll cure him."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya! dat ish goot. Dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartain it will: he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world," said Hiram gravely.

"Den come mit me. He von mity goot tog; all the way from Yarmany: I not take one five dollar — but come mit me, and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

"Sartain," said Hiram: "I'll hold his tail if you want me tew; but you must cut it up close."

"Ya! dat ish right. Ich make 'im von goot tog. There, Blitzen, Blitzen! come right here, you von sheep steal rashcull: I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons; and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and, placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Hiram, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya! dat ish right. Now, you von tief sheep, I learns you better luck," said Von Vlom Schlopsch, as he raised the axe.

It descended; and, as it did so, Hiram, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen's neck over the log; and the head rolled over the other side.

"Wall, I swow!" said Hiram with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog: "that was a *leetle* too close."

"Mine cootness!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "*you shust cut 'im off de wrong end!*"

SETTING A HEN.

I SEE dot most efferpody wrides someding for de shicken bapers nowtays, und I tought praps meppe I can do dot too, so I wride all apout vat dook blace mit me lasht summer. You know — oder uf you dond know, den I dells you — dot Katrina (dot is mein vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und von tay she sait to me: "Sockery (dot is mein name) vy dond you put some of de aigs under dot old plue hen shickens? I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe I guess I vill." So I picked out some uf de pest aigs und dook um oud to de parn fare de olt hen make her nesht in de side uf de hay-mow, poud five or six veet up. Now you see I nefer vas ferry pig up und town, but I vas booty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent und got a parrel do stant on. Vell, I klimet me on de parrel, und ven my hed risht up by de nesht, dot old hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I todge pack dot plasted old parrel he preak, und I vent town kershlam; py cholly, I didn't tink I kood go inside a parrel pefore; but dere I vos, und I fit so dite I koodn't get me oud efferway; my fest vas bushed vay up under my arm-holes.

Ven I fount I vas dite shtuck, I holler, "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom und see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood und aigs, by cholly, she shust lait town on de hay und laft und laft, till I got so mat I said, "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?" Und she sat up und said, "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town;" den she lait back und laft like

she voot split herself more as effer. Mat as I vas, I tought to myself, Katrina, she shbeak English booty goot, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" und she see dot I look booty red, so she sait, "Of course I vill, Sockery;" den she laidt me und de parrel town on our side, und I dook holt de door-sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel; but de first bull she mate I yelled, "Donner und blitzen! sthop dat, by cholly, dere is nails in de parrel!" You see de nails pent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount.

Vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naper Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off. Vell, he koom und he like to shblit himself mit laf, too; but he roll me ofer, und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I git up mit haf a parrel round my vaist; den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vait a little till I get a battern of dot new ofer-skirt you haf on;" but I didn't sait a vort. I shust got a knife oud und vittle de hoops off, und shling dot confountet old parrel in dot voot-pile. Pimeby, ven I koom in de house, Katrina she sait, so soft like, "Sockery, dond you goin to put some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" Den I sait, in my deepest woice, "Katrina, uf you uffer say dot to me again, I'll git a pill from you — help me chiminy gracious!" und I dell you, she didn't say dot any more! Vell, ven I shtep on a parrel now, I dond shtep on it; I git a pox.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT NOSE?"

Snyder kept a beer-saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper, — "sudden and quick in quarrel," — get mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for the boys, — partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder" as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing; and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's

nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead-ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis: "the sun it pes hot like ash der tifel, unt I purns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder; so he went out and collected half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another, and ask Snyder, "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and, seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder, brought it to them; and the new-comer exclaimed as he saw him, "Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I yust dell your frient here I peen out fishin' mit der poys, unt the sun he purnt 'em — zwi lager — den cents — all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time: s'pose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret"— (appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughing) —"ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder, — ha! — ha! — what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose or having it laughed at; and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic, —

"I've peen out fishing mit der poys, unt de sun it juse as hot like ash dar tifel, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormentor comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink yourse —— ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, wha — ha! ha! — what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner, —

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys on der Leedle Miami. De sun pese hot like as — vel, I purn my pugle. Now, that is more vot I don't got to say. Vot gind o' peseness? Dat ish all right; I purn my own nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose, — burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose; for he was tramping about behind his bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another one of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but, Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga— Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he! ah-h-h-ha! ha! ha! ha! Why — why — Snyder — who — who — ha-ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared, —

"I've been out fishin' mit ter poys. The sun it pese hot like ash never vas. I purnt my nose. Now you no like dose nose, you yust take yose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wring your mean American finger mit em! That's the kind of man vot I am!"

And Snyder was right.

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

KEEPIN' THE DE'IL OOT.

HE cam' to the door o' my heart the nicht Wat Birney kilt puir dog Speed for worritin' his Sou'-Downs.

An' the De'il was a bra knocker. "Dugald Moir," he ca'd, loud an' lang, "opit the door!"

"Nay," said I. "You maun stay oot."

"But I ha'e summat to say."

"I dinna care to listen."

"It's a bit o' gude advice."

"Keep it, then. You'll need it afore you dee."

"But it's aboot Wat Birney. He murdered your auld dog Speed. You maun ha'e revenge."

"The colley was trespassin'."

"Ay, but Wat kilt him i' cauld blood."

"Weel, he had often warnt us baith to keep off o' his groun'."

"But Wat Birney's bin a bad naybor for years."

"An' sae ha'e I, for the matter o' that. We dinna speak."

"Speed's death maun be revenged. Set Wat's fat straw-stack afire. It wad mak' a gran' blaze."

"Nay, nay!" I cried. "Gae lang noo. I willna be your partner i' ony sich doin's!"

At that, the De'il bided awee. But I cud hear him lashin' his tail just outside my heart-door. It was bolted an' barred sae that he cudna walk i'. "Dugald Moir," he ca'd again, "ha'e you buried puir Speed?"

"Nay, Mister De'il. I canna pairt wi' him juist noo."

"Wat's Sou'-Downs will nibble the sod aboon his grave. Better pop owre ane or twa o' them. You ca' then feed your loss wi' a bit o' roast mutton. It wad ainly be tooth for tooth."

"I daurna, auld Timpter. The Maister's Book says: 'Return gude for evil.' Wat's Sou'-Downs are nae mine to kill an' eat."

"Hoot, mon! Was Speed his ain dog to shoot doon i' a minit?"

"But he was worritin' the wee lambs o' the flock."

Here the De'il knockit hard an' strong. "Dugald Moir, Wat ha'e a dog o' his ain. Ca' him up, an' treat him to a bit o' poisoned meat. That wad ainly be tit for tat."

"Nay, again, Mister De'il Wat's dog Bruce ance fished my bairn oot o' the burn. He's a bra' beast, an' weel worth twa o' puir, meddlin' Speed."

"But that wad ainly mak' your revenge completer."

"I willna tak' revenge. I'll do Wat sum gude turn i' place o' it. I maun heap coals o' fire on his head."

Then the De'il knockit ance mair. "Dugald Moir, I thocht you a mon o' spirit! You'll be the butt o' the country-side. Get even wi' Wat Birney while you ca'. It isna yet too late. He's cumin' up the glen. Speed's killin' was an insult; wipe it oot wi' your fists."

"But sister Bel luvs the lad. He'll be my ain brither sune. I wauna lift a han' to my brither."

"Whist! ha's nae mair your brither than I!"

"Nay, an' thank God for that las'! Gang awa'. You canna enter the heart o' Dugald Moir."

There was a knock at the hoose door just then; an' Wat Birney hissel' entered, wi' Bruce at his heels. Puir Speed lay deid between us.

"W'at wad you ha'e?" I asked, stern-loike, for the De'il was batterin's awa' at my heart's door.

The lad held oot his han'. "I ha'e cam' to mak' peace. We maun be friends."

But I turned awa' i' anger. "We canna. Dinna ask it."

Ay, but the De'il was knockit fas' an' loud then. But Wat Birney cud not ken.

"Bruce ha'e cam' to tak' Speed's place," he said.

It was a bra' giftie, but I wadna heed. "I dinna want him," I cried. "Bring Speed bac' to life — if you ca'."

"I wish I cud, mon, for Bel's sake. We mauna quarrel."

"Knockit him doon!" shouted the De'il, shrill as a bagpipe.

I lifted my arm; but Wat was such a slender lad, I cudna strike.

"Dinna you do it, Dugald. I canna forgi'e a blow," he said. "I kilt puir Speed, but I'm baith ready an' willin' to gi'e you Bruce i' his stead. It will ainly be a fair exchange. Here's the colley, an' my han' on it. Cum, naybor, what say you?"

"Say you willna ha'e his beast or his friendship," whispered the De'il, peerin' i' through my heart's window.

An' I said it.

There were tears i' honest Wat's blu' een. "I'm sair fashed, Dugald. I canna gae hame wi'oot your forgi'eness. It's w'at I cam' for, an' I maun ha'e it. Dinna you min' the day I picht Jeanie oot o' the burn? Ha'e you forgotten that, mon? Bruce an' I togither saved the lassie's life."

"Speed's murder ha'e crosst that oot," I cried.

The De'il was for climbin' richt i' then, but I kept him bac' wi' my next words. "Wat Birney, I may forgi'e you i' time, but it will ainly be for Bel's sake. Gang awa'. The De'il is at wark. I'm nae my ainsel' this nicht. Tak' puir Speed oot, an' bury him. I canna."

The lad fell doon at my feet. "I maun ha'e your forgi'eness first, Dugald Moir. Bel loves us baith, an' we maun love each ither. Say the word noo; say, Wat, it's a' forgi'en an' forgotten." I thocht o' bonnie sister Bel, an' said the words owre; but my heart wasna i' them.

"You dinna mean it," said Wat sadly; "but I'll bury Speed a' the same."

Then he went oot, draggin' the deid beast after him. I fol-

lowed a' unnoticed. Doon i' the glen he dug Speed's grave, an' laid the colley i' it. When he had finished, he knelt aboon it, an' just prayed aloud.

"Lord, forgi'e this day's hasty deed, an' help Dugald Moir to forgi'e it too. He's sair angry wi' me, an' nae wi'oot cause. But thee kens dog Speed weel earned my bullet. Ainly an hour sin he mangled two o' my best Sou'-Downs. But Dugald's hate is worse than a'. I maun ha'e the mon's love an' friendship."

The De'il ga've a great boun' and left my heart's door as I rushed roun' to Wat's side.

"You shall ha'e baith frae this minit," I cried. An' then my arm stole 'boot the lad's neck, juist as I had seen Bel's do on mony a moonlit nicht. He looked at me, bewildered.

"I didna dream you wod hear. But it's juist God's ain gude answer. An' noo you'll tak' Bruce i' Speed's place."

"Yes," I said; for the De'il had vanished.

Slowly we walked bac' to the hoose. Bel met us wi' a kiss for baith, her black een beamin' wi' love and gladness.

She wedded Wat sune after, an' for forty lang years he ha'e been a bra', true brither. The De'il hasna visited me sin'.

Mrs. Findley Braden.

THE PUZZLED CENSUS-TAKER.

"*Nein*" (pronounced *nine*) is the German for "*No.*"

"Got any boys?" the marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Got any girls?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband, of course," the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"The devil you have!" the marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered "*Nein!*"

"Now, what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering 'Nine?'"
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

JOHN G. SAXE.

DUTCH SECURITY.

SAID Jake Metzenmaker to his sweetheart:

"Loweeza, you vas a poody gal!"

To which that bright-eyed young German damsel replied, "Shake, dot vas nice; say it again."

"Py golly!" Jake exclaimed; "you vas more peautiful ash a budder-cup, and I hope you vill marry me right away."

Then that sensible young woman responded:

"Shake, I like dot marriage idea poody vell. I pelieve me it vas a sensible peezness. Und I like you, Shake, more ash a gooble dimes. But I vants seguridy."

"Vants seguridy! I undershtand no such dhings," said Jake in amazement.

"Nein? Right avay I dole you. Ouf you read dose babers, you find out it vas a great peezness by married fellers to run aroundt the saloon, und don't like to vork, und oufter the vife say some dhings she got a plack eye, and then she vas goome by the bolice court for some seguridy for make him do petter."

"Put you don't vas pelieve I do such a dhings, Loweeza? I schwear dot, my lofe —"

"Schwear vas a leedle fence not more ash a gooble feed high,

und you shump over him ash easy ash you like. I pelieve you vas righdt now, Shake. Put there vas a great risk, und I vant some seguridy for dose dime vhen you vill be poss."

"Und you von'd marry me vidout dot seguridy?"

"I pelieve me, Shake, it vas petter ve got him now, ask py-und-py ouf dot bolice court — ain'd id?"

"Vell, vat seguridy you vant?"

"I dink, anyvay, a tousand tollar pond vould be apout right."

"A tousand tollars! I don't ouver I find some man vhat like to schain hisself by such a gueldt."

"If you don'd could find a friend mit dot much gonfidence py you, Shake, vhat sort of a shance you dink I dake?

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover, in the night,
Near the roadside an alehouse chanced to spy,
And being rather tired, as well as dry,
Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters. "Hallo, garçon, if you please,
Bring me a leetel bit of bread and cheese,
And hallo, garçon, a pot of porter, too!" he said,
"Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed. But not a wink he slept;
For on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap, and bade the world good-night;
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began,
At which they gorged themselves; then, smelling round,
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found;

And, while at this they all regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap;
Who, half-awake, cries out, "Hallo, hallo!
Vat is dat nibble at my pillow so?
Ah, 'tis one big — one very big, huge rat!
Vat is it that he nibble, nibble at?"

In vain our little hero sought repose;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose.
And such the pranks they kept up all the night
That he, on end, — antipodes upright, —
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
"Hallo, maison, garçon, I say!
Bring me the bill for what I have to pay."
The bill was brought; and, to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge. He scarce believed his eyes.
With eager haste, he quickly runs it o'er,
And every time he viewed it thought it more.

"Vy, zounds and zounds!" he cries, "I sall no pay;
Vat! charge ten shelangs for what I have *mangé?*
A leetel sop of portar, dis vile bed,
Vare all de rats do run about my head?"
"Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out;
"I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout:
I'll pay him well that can." — "Vat's dat you say?"
"I'll pay him well that can." — "Attend to me, I pray:
Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
If from your house I drive away de rat?"
"With all my heart," the jolly host replies.
"*Ecoutez donc, ami,*" the Frenchman cries.
"*First den, — regardez,* if you please, —
Bring to dis spot a leetel bread and cheese:
Eh bien! a pot of porter too;
And den invite de rats to sup vid you;
And after dat, — no matter dey be villing, —
For vat dey eat, you *charge* dem just *ten shelang:*
And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
Dey'll quit your house, and *never come no more.*"

HEINZ VON STEIN.

Out rode from his wild, dark castle
The terrible Heinz von Stein;
He came to the door of a tavern,
And gazed on the swinging sign.

He sat himself down at a table,
And growled for a bottle of wine;
Up came, with a flask and a corkscrew,
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then, seized with a deep love longing,
He uttered, "O damosel mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein!"

But she answered, "The kissing business
Is entirely out of my line;
And I certainly will not begin it
On a countenance ugly as thine."

Oh, then the bold knight was angry,
And cursed both coarse and fine;
And asked, "How much is the swindle
For your sour and nasty wine?"

And fiercely he rode to the castle,
And set himself down to dine.
And this is the dreadful legend
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

Charles G. Leland, from the German.

THE SOLEMN BOOK-AGENT.

He was tall, solemn, and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman senator on his way to make a speech on finance. But he wasn't, singularly enough, he wasn't. He was a book-agent. He wore a linen duster; and his brow was furrowed with many care-lines, as if he had been obliged to tumble out of bed every other night of his life to dose a sick child. He called into a tailor-shop on Randolph Street, removed his hat, took his "Lives of Eminent Philosophers" from its cambric bag, and approached the tailor with, —

"I'd like to have you look at this rare work."

"I haf no time," replied the tailor.

"It is a work which every thinking man should delight to peruse," continued the agent.

"Zo?" said the tailor.

"Yes. It is a work on which a great deal of deep thought has been expended; and it is pronounced by such men as Wendell Phillips to be a work without a rival in modern literature."

"Makes anybody laugh when he zees it?" asked the tailor.

"No, my friend: this is a deep, profound work, as I have already said. It deals with such characters as Theocritus, Socrates, and Plato, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If you desire a work on which the most eminent author of our day has spent years of study and research, you can find nothing to compare with this."

"Does it shpeak about how to glean cloze?" anxiously asked the man of the goose.

"My friend, this is no receipt-book, but an eminent work on philosophy, as I have told you. Years were consumed in preparing this volume for the press; and none but the clearest mind could have grasped the subjects herein discussed. If you desire food for deep meditation, you have it here."

"Does dis pook say sumding about der Prussian war?" asked the tailor as he threaded his needle.

"My friend, this is not an every-day book, but a work on philosophy, — a work which will soon be in the hands of every profound thinker in the country. What is the art of philosophy? This book tells you. Who were, and who are,

our philosophers? Turn to these pages for a reply. As I said before, I don't see how you can do without it."

"And he don't haf any dings about some fun, eh?" inquired the tailor, as the book was held to him.

"My friend, must I again inform you that this is not an ephemeral work, not a collection of nauseous trash, but a rare, deep work on philosophy? Here, see the name of the author. That name alone should be proof enough to your mind, that the work cannot be surpassed for profundity of thought. Why, sir, Gerritt Smith testifies to the greatness of this volume!"

"I not knows Mr. Schmidt: I make no cloze mit him," returned the tailor in a doubting voice.

"Then you will let me leave your place without having secured your name to this volume? I cannot believe it. Behold, what research! Turn these leaves, and see these gems of richest thought! Ah! if we only had such minds, and could wield such a pen! But we can read, and, in a measure, we can be like him. Every family should have this noble work. Let me put your name down: the book is only twelve dollars."

"Zwelve dollars for der pook! Zwelve dollars, und he has noddings about der war, und no fun in him, or say noddings how to get glean cloze! What you take me for, mister? Go right away mit dat pook, or I call der bolice, and haf you locked up pooty quick!"

DETROIT FREE PRESS

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

DHERE vas many qveer dings in dis land of der free
I neffer could qvite understand;
Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
As dhose in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets blenty droubles, und indo mishaps
Mitout der least bit off a cause;
Und, vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yankee chaps,
Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws!

Shust dink off a vite man so vicked as dot!
Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show?
Who vas it gets oup, ven der night id vas hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?
Und den in der vinter vhen Katrine vas sick,
Und der mornings vas shnowy and raw,
Who made righdt avay oup dot fire so qvick?
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vos von off dhose woman's righdts vellers I been,
Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboudt me;
Ven der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
Und vhen dot sly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
(A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!),
Eef she goes for dot chap like some dousand of bricks,
Dot's all righdt! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, it vas alvays der same,
Dot voman vas boss off der house;
Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vos glad dot she came,
She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
And vhen dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring,
Und firevood to shplit oup und saw,
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

Charles Follen Adams.

SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES.

SCHNEIDER is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass, and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit this friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce-dealer, on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden, and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his story in his own language, —

"Vell, I valks shust a liddle vhile roundt, vhen I sees some of dose dermarters, vot vas so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself oudside about a gouple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' ov dose dermarters, und dakes a pooty good pite out ov dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty qvick, vhen — py shiminy! — I dort I hat a peese of red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, alreaty, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears; und I mate vor an 'old oken pucket,' vot I seen hangin' in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup, und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vas der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust peen bicking; und, mine cracious! how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas *red beppers*, dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life, I vas mat. I radder you geef me feefty tollars as to eat some more v dose bepper-sauce dermarters."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

DUTCH HUMOR.

A GERMAN in a Western town, who has not paid much attention to learning English, had a horse stolen from his barn the other night, whereupon he advertised as follows: —

"Von nite, de oder day, ven I was bin awake in my shleep, I heare sometings vat I tink's vas not yust right in my barn, an I out shumps to bed, and runs mit the barn out; and ven I was dere coom, I seez dat my pig gray-iron mare he vas bin tide loose, and run mit the staple off. And who efer will him back pring, I yust so much pay him as vas bin kushtomary."

AN old Dutchman froze his nose. While thawing the frost out, he said: "I haf carry dot nose fordy year, unt he nefer freeze hisself before. I no understand dis ting."

SQUIRE HOUSTON'S MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

You bromish now, you goot man dare,
  Vot sthands ubon de vloor,
To hab dish vooman for your vife,
  Und lub her ebbermore;
To feed her vell mit sourkraut,
  Peens, putthermilks und scheese,
Und in all dings to lend your aid,
  Dat vill bromote her ease?

"Yesh;" und you vooman sthandin dare,
  Do bledge your vord dish tay,
Dat you vill took for your hoospand,
  Dis man — und him obey;
Dat you vill ped und poard mit him,
  Vosh, iron und mend his cloothes,
Laf ven he shmiles, veep ven he moorns,
  Und chare his shoys und voes?

Vell, den, I now, viddin dese valls,
  Mit shoy, und not mit kreef,
Bronounch you bote to pe one mind,
  Von name, von man, von beef;
I pooblish here dese holy pands,
  Dese matthermoonial ties,
Pefore Got, mine frow, Hans und Poll,
  Und all dese gazin eyes.

Und, as de shacred Schripture says,
  Vot God unites togedder
Let no man dare ashunder put,
  Let no man dare dem sever.
Dare! britekroom, now schoost you sthop,
  I'll hold tight fasht your collar,
Unteel you anshwer me dish ting,
  Und dat's — *vare ish mine tollar?*

DOT DELEPHONE.

"I GUESS I haf to gif up my delephone already," said an old citizen yesterday, as he entered the office of the company with a very long face.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh, everyting! I got de delephone in mine house so as I could shpeak mit der poys in der saloon down town, and mit my relations in Springville; but I haf to give it up. I nefer haf so much droubles."

"How?"

"Vell, my poy Shon, in der saloon, he rings der pell, and calls opp, und says an old frient of mine vants to see how she vorks. Dot ish all right. I says, 'Hello!' und he say, 'Shtand back a leetle closer.' I shtand back closer, und helloes again. Den he says, 'Shtand a leetle off.' I shtand back a leetle off, und yells unce more; und he say, 'Shpeak louder!' I yells louder. It goes dat vhay ten minutes; und den he says, 'Go to Texas, you old Dutchman!' You see?"

"Yes."

"And den mine brudder in Springville, he rings der pells und calls me oop, und says how I vas dis efenings. I says I vhas feeling like some colts; und he says, 'Who vants to puy some goats?' I says, 'Colts! colts! colts!' Und he answers, 'Oh, coats! I thought you said goats.' Ven I goes to ask him of he feels petter, I hears a voice crying oudt, 'Vot Dutchmans is dot on dis line, enyhow?' Den somepody answers, 'I don't know, but I likes to punch his headt.' You see?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, somedimes my vife vhants to shpeak mit me ven I am down in der saloon. She rings mine pell, und I says, 'Hello!' Nopody shpeaks to me. She rings again, und I says, 'Hello!' like dunder. Den der central office tells me to go aheads, und den tells me holdt on, und den tells mine vife dot I am gone avay. I yells oudt, 'Dot is not so;' und somepody says, 'How can I talk if dot old Dutchmans doan' keep shtill?' You see?"

"Yes."

"Und ven I go in de bedt at night, somepody rings der pell like der house vas on fire; und ven I shumps oudt, und says, 'Hello!' I hear somepody saying, 'Kaiser, doan't you vhant to puy a dog?' I vants no dog; und ven I tells 'em so, I hear some peoples laughing, 'Haw! haw! haw!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Vell, you dake it oudt, dat ish all vhat it ish; und ven

somepody likes to shpeak mit me dey shall coom right avay by mine saloon. Oof mine brudder ish sick, he shall got petter. Und oof somepody vhants to puy a dog, apout two glock de morning, let him yust coom vere I can tole him somediugs, dat ish all."

THE UNITED ORDER OF HALF-SHELLS.

"My vhife all der time says to me, 'Carl Dunder, if you vhas to be kilt by a butcher-cart or ice-wagon, or if some shteamboat plow you oop on de river, I left mit no money. Vhy doan' you pe insured mit your life?'

"Vhell, I tinks about dot a good deal. It vhas my duty dot my vhife und Katie doan' go mit der poorhouse if I can help it, und I tink it vhas pest to get some insurance. I shpeak to my frendt, Shon Plazes, vhas about it, und Shon he says, —

"'Of course you vhant insurance. You come into my lodge of der United Order of Half-shells. Dot vhas an order which only cost one dollar a year, und if you die your family puts on shtyle mit der ten thousand dollar in green-packs. I calls a meeting right avhay mit your saloon, und we put you through like some streaks of greased lightning.'

"Vhell, I goes home and tells der old vhomans, und she says dot vhas O. K. She doan's like to see me die; but if some shmall-pox or yellow-fever comes to Detroit, und takes me avay, she likes to haf a long funeral procession, und build me a grave-stone vhich reads dot Carl Dunder vhas a goot husband, a kind fadder, und dot he vhas gone to heaven only a leedle vhile before he vhas ready. I shpeak to my daughter Katie, und she sheds some tears und dells me dot she looks as cute as an angel in some mourning gloze for me. So it vhas all right, und I sweep out my saloon, und about twenty men come in dot eafnings to make me a Half-shell.

"Oxcuse me if I vhas madt, und use some words like a pirate. My frendt, Shon Plazes, vas dhere mit a red cap on his head, und a voice so solemn dot I feels chills go up my pack. He calls de meeting to order, and says I like to shoine and become a Half-shell.

"'Does he like peer?' asks some mans in the gorner.

"'He does,' said Shon Plazes.

"'Und so do we!' yells all der meeting, and Shon says I was to come down mit der peer. Dot was nineteen glasses.

"Den Shon Plazes, he reads from a pook mit a plue cover dot man vhas dying efery day so fast dot you can't count 'em, or somedins like dot, und he calls oudt, —

"'Vhat shall safe dis man?'

"Und eaferpody yells, 'Lager peer!' Dot means, I set him oop again, und dot vhas nineteen glasses more. Den two men take me und vhalk me all aroundt, und Shon Plazes he cries oudt, —

"'Ve vhas here to-day und gone to-morrow! In der midnight, when eaferpody vhas ashleep, a tief comes und shteals our life away! Vhat keeps dot tief afar off?'

"Und eaferpody groans oudt like he vhas dying, 'Cool lager!' Dot means I was to set 'em oop again, und dot vhas nineteen glasses more. Den Shon Plazes he leads me twice around und says, —

"'Carl Dunder, you tinks you vhas made a Half-shell already, but you vhas mistaken. Put out your left handt. Dot vhas goot. Now, my frendt, vhat vas der foundation stone of liberty, equality, und brotection?'

"Und eaferpody lifs oop his voice und groans out, 'All der lager a man vhants!' Dot means, I vhas to tap a fresh keg; und I believe dot growd drinks more as forty glasses. I doan' like it so previous like. I didn't, but my frendt Shon Plazes tells me to lie down on der table on my pack, und shut my eyes. Vhen I vhas in bosition he hit me three dimes mit his fist in der stomach, und cries oudt, —

"'Vhen he vhas alife he vhas kind mit der boor; vhen he vhas death, we forgot his faults. Brudders, vhat vhas der great brinciple dot leads to charity und penevolence?'

"Und eaferpody shumps to his feet und yells out, 'Some more lager and cigars!' Vhell, I set 'em oop once more, und den I vhas so madt dot I take my glub und clean dot crowd oudt mit der street. I belief he vas a fraud on me. I belief Shon Plazes tells all der poys, und it vhas a put-up shob. I lose my peer and cigars, und somebody carries off more as ten bottles of vhiskey from my par, und I vhas no more a Half-shell as yoo are. If dot vhas some vhey to insure me so dat my vhife und Katie haf some mourning goods, und

puy me a grave-stone mit a lamp on top, I go out of pollytics right avay. Oxcuse me dot I shed some tears, und kick oafer der shairs und tables, for I vhas madt like some cats on a gloze-line."

WHY NO SCOTCHMEN GO TO HEAVEN.

Long years ago, in time so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the king of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed; and the king of Scotland, elated by success, sent for his prime minister.

"Weel, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquer noo?"

"An it please your majesty, I ken o' a king that your majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?"

The prime minister, reverently looking up, said, "The King o' heaven."

"The king of whaur, Sandy?"

"The King o' heaven."

The Scottish king did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang your ways, Sandy, and tell King o' heaven to gi'e up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' and ding him oot o' them; and mind you, Sandy, you dinna come back to us until ye ha'e dune oor biddin'."

The prime minister retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, re-assured, returned and presented himself.

"Weel, Sandy," said the king, "ha'e ye seen the King o' heaven? and what says he to our biddin'?"

"An it please your majesty, I ha'e seen one o' his accredited ministers."

"Weel, and what says he?"

"He says your majesty may e'en ha'e his kingdom for the axin' o' it."

"Was he sae civil?" asked the king, warming to magnanimity. "Just gang your ways back, Sandy, an' tell the King o' heaven that for his civility the de'il a Scotchman shall set foot in his kingdom."

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
In all barts off der house;
But vot off dot? he was mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit limburg cheese:
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo;
To make der schtiks to beat it mit, —
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;

But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

C. F. ADAMS.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS—WHAT HE SAYS.

MAYPE somedimes you don't half szeen
Mine fahder told vhen he vas peen
Szo vild almost as never vas
Mit me; hees Leedle Yawcob Strauss,
Und all apout thdose tings because
Vit me he wasn't haf szome ease,
Nor schmoke hees bipe, nor schleep in peese
Nor eats szome schmall limburger scheese;
Nor dakes hees peer nor saurkraout,
Ven Leedle Yawcob was apout.

Vell now! I shbiel hees lager peer?
Mine gootness! dot ish very queer;
Don't I haf seen him mit his handt,
Tdake vup some glass of lager, andt
Schoost ash he schmell him mit hees eye,
Shbiel him all in hees schtoomach? vy,
He shbiel more lager peer don I,
Andt thden he laff, und dance, und szing,
More like some poys don anythding.

I took der meezles; vell I shbose
Dot thdere vas blenty left of thdose;
I poots der schnuff inder hees kraout,
So it make him don't scheeze so loudt,
I haf der mumps; vot if I is?
Mine vace don't got szer far abart
Nor pe szo pig nor redt as his.

Und thden apout those limburg scheese;
Vell thdere I dhink dot I agrees
Mit him, dot it vos szomevat rouff,
But thden he szay vonce, dat enough
Vas schoost so petter nor a veest,

Und szo I think he kouldn't got
Enough, so scheap und quivck ash vot
He haf mit hees bipe full off dot.

Thdose milk-ban dot I learn to blay,
I get dot drouble in thdis way:
Poot pottom up across my knee,
Schoost ash I szeen him do to me,
I tumps upon him mit ter stdick,
Und make der music pooty qvick;
Vy ish it dot hees hed't vas shblit
Vith sooch a leedle noise, ven it
Don't preak oup mit der noise dot he
Make, ven he tump dot stdick on me?

Put ven I ask apout szome thdings,
Vot make hees nose szo redt, and prings
Der schoomth shbot oudt mitin his hedt;
I shbose dot I shall know apout
All of thdose thdings — ven I findt out,
Und szo I vait avhile, and szee
Vot der next drouble ish to pe,
Und if der meeschiefs thdake this blace,
I brays like vot dot fahder says
Tdake everyding dots in thdis house,
Put leave thdis leedle Yawcob Strauss.

ARTHUR DAKIN.

ISAAC ROSENTHAL ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

MR. ROSENTHAL, who was proprietor of a clothing store in Avenue A, had been mentioned to me as an unusually intelligent German Hebrew, and I met him at the door of his store looking out for customers. As I paused for a moment, he addressed me thus: —

"Gome righd in, mein liebe Herr! Don'd mind dot leedle tog. He vill not pide you. I geeb him to trive avay de bad leedle poy in de sthreed. You like to puy zome very coot

glothing? I can zell you dot goat — for — Nein! *Teufel!* Id is not dot? So! And you vand to speak to me aboud de Shinamen? Vell, I dell you dot you gome yust to de righd blace. You bedder don'd go no furder. You yust gome in de back shtore. You take ein glas bier? you smoke ein gut zigar? — no, not dot — I call him real Havana, bud I make him up-shtairs. I gif you a bedder one as dot. So! I lighd him for you. Now I shpeag mit you aboud dem Shinamen, und you put vat I say in de baber, pecause de bublic ought to know vat bad beoples dey ish. I keeb last year ein kleine shop mit mein bruder — hish name is Zolomon — and ve haf yust as coot glothes as dem dot you zee dere; and von day dere gome in ein, zwei, drei Shinamen, and zay to me, 'How do, John?' and I dell him dot my name ish not John; but he only laugh. Den he zay, 'You got some coot glothes, John? S'pose hab got, mi likee see.' I haf such vay of shpeaking nefer heard, but I can a leedle undershtand, and I t'ink dot he vill not know a coot goad ven he zee id, and I show him some dot ish not of the brime qualidy, and vill not last so long as dot kind as I show you, and I sharge him a coot brice; and he look at him, and dry him on, and I dell him dot id vill him very vell fit. Und den dish great rasgal he say to me dot he has not much money got, but some leedle box of very coot tea, und he make a pargain and shwop mit me. Und I t'ink dot I make mit him a coot drade, und I give him de goat, and dake de dea; and he say, 'Chin chin, John,' and go out, and I don'd never see him no more. Und vat you tink? ven I open dot dea, I find him one inch coot, and below dot, noding but yust rubbish, and some schmall bieces of iron to make him heavy. Und so, mein liebe Herr, you can de reason undershtand dot I like not to have dot Shinese beobles gome to New York."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

"DER DOG UND DER LOBSTER."

(*From the New York Clipper.*)

DOT dog he vos dot kind of dog
Vot ketch dot ret so sly,
Und squeeze him mit his leetle teeth,
Und den dot ret vos die.

Dot dog he vas onquisitive
  Vareffer he vas go,
Und, like dot vooman, all der time
  Someding he vants to know.

Vone day, all by dot market-stand
  Vare fish und clams dey sell,
Dot dog vas poke his nose aboud
  Und find out vat he smell.

Dot lobster he vas took dot snooze
  Mit von eye open vide,
Und ven dot dog vas come along
  Dot lobster he vas spied.

Dot dog he smell him mit his nose,
  Und scratch him mit his paws,
Und push dot lobster all aboud,
  Und vonder vot he vas.

Und den dot lobster he voke up,
  Und crawl yoost like dot snail,
Und make vide open ov his claws,
  Und grab dot doggie's tail.

Und den so quick as never vas
  Dot cry vent to der sky,
Und, like dem swallows vot dey sing,
  Dot dog vas homeward fly.

Yoost like dot dunderbolt he vent —
  Der sight vas awful grand.
Und every street dot dog vas turn,
  Down vent dot apple-stand.

Der shildren cry, der vimmin scream,
  Der mens fall on der ground;
Und dot boliceman mit his club
  Vas novare to pe found.

I make dot run und call dot dog,
  Und vistle awful kind;
Dot makes no difference vot I say,
  Dot dog don't look pehind.

Und pooty soon dot race vas end,
  Dot dog vas lost his tail —
Dot lobster I vas took him home,
  Und cook him in dot pail.

Dot moral vas, I tole you 'boud,
  Pefore vas neffer known —
Don't vant to find out too much dings
  Dot vasn't ov your own!

SAUL SERTREW.

"DER WRECK OF DER HEZBERUS."

(*Before Longfellow.*)

IT vas der goot shkiff Hezberus,
  Dot paddled cross der pond;
Und dare vas dare der skibber's gal,
Of whom he vas so fond.

Green vos her eyes as summer peas,
  Her cheeks I can't define,
Her boozum brown like pretzel cakes,
  Her voice a vereful whine.

Mit pibe in mouth der skibber sat,
  Wrabbed in an old pea koad,
Und vatched his daughter koff and shneeze
  Ven schmoke got down hur throad.

Den up und spoke der paddle man,
  "Look 'ere, let's turn ride back,
A schwan lives 'ere, der peebles say,
  Vat likes to peck und hack.

So let's turn back, mein master dear,
  Und from this voyage refrain,"
Der skibber blew schmoke oud his pibe,
  Und schmiled mit grim dishdain.

Den near und near der shkiff did got
To vare dot schwan hung out;
Until at last, mit telesgope,
Dey shpied his head und snowt.

Vel, down it schwam und schmote der shkiff
Mit all its might und main,
Und made it shump dree times its length,
Und den shump back again.

"Come 'ere, come 'ere! mein leedle gal,
Und do not dremble so,
For I can lick der biggest schwan
Dot you to me can show."

He wrabbed her in his old pea koad, —
His joy, his life, his soul;
Und mit a piece of paper twine
He lashed her to a pole.

"Oh, dad, I hear der dinner bell!
I feel shust like grub-struck."
"Vel, hold yer tongue now, Mary Ann,
Und dry to bear your luck."

"Oh, dad, I see dot schwan again!
He'll eat both you und me;"
But dad he answered not a vord,
For stiff und frized vas he.

Den der goot girl she glasped her hands,
Und through her frost-bit nose
She said, "Now I avake to sleep,"
Dot she might not be froze.

Und dare, through rain and hurrycane,
Und through der schleet und schnow,
Der maiden prayed und begged der schwan
To pick up stakes und go.

But no; he schwam up to der wreck,
Und den der fun began;
He knocked der fellers off der deck,
But left shweed Mary Ann.

He picked und pecked der Hezberus,
Und lashed de pond to foam,
Und made de poor, wee, leedle shkiff
Look shust like honeycomb.

Den by der board der long bean-pole
Und Mary Ann did go;
Und shust like lead der shkiff went down.
Der schwan he roared, Ho! ho!

. . . . . .

At break of day, beside der pond,
Poor Mary Ann vas found;
Her form vas cold un frozen stiff,
Und to a bean-pole bound.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

"HANS, what do you think of signs and omens?"

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't pelieve averydings; but I dells you somedimes dere is someding in sooch dings ash dose dings. Now, de oder night I sits und reads mine newspaper, und mine frau she shpeak und say, —

"'Fritz, de dog ish howlin'.'

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine paper, und mine frau she say, —

"'Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen — de dog ish howlin'.'

"And den I gets oop mit mineself, and looks out troo de vines on de porch; und de moon vas shinin', und mine leedle dog he shoomp right up und down like averydings, and he park at the moon dat was shine so prite ash never vas. Und as I hauled mine het in de winter de old voman she say, —

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish somedings pad ish happen. *De dog ish howlin.*'

"Vell, I goes to pet, und I shleeps: und all night long, ven I vakes up, dere vas dat dog howl outside; und ven I dream, I hear dat howlin' vorser ash nefer. Und in de mornin' I kits oop und kits mine *freestick* (breakfast), — und mine frau she look at me, und say fery solemn;

"'Fritz, dere ish somedings ish happen. De dog vas howl all night.'

"Und shoost den de newspaper comes in, and I opens him; und, by shings! vot you dinks? *Dere vas a man died in Philadelphia!*"

A DUTCHMAN'S ANSWER.

Bill Jones was going to get married a day or two ago, and he forgot whar de minister libed; so he started to find him out, so as to hab him come to de house an' perform de marriage ceremony. So, arter getting along down de road for two or free miles, he became fearful ob gettin' on de wrong track. So he says to a big Dutchman "I say, can you tell me where Mr. Swackelhammer, de preacher, lives?" and de Dutchman said, "Yaw. You just valk de road up to de creek, an' down de pritch over up shtreme, den you just go on till you cum to a road what vinds de woots around a schoolhouse; but you don't take dat road. Vell, den you go on till you meet a pig-pen shingled mit straw, den you durn de road round de field, and go on till you come to pig red house. Den you turn dat house around de barn, and see a road dat goes up in de woots. Den you don't take dat road too. Den you go straight on, and de fust house you meet is a hay-stack, and de next is a barrack. Vell, he don't live dere. Den you will get a little furder, and you see a house on top de hill, about a mile; and you go in dere an' ax de old voman, an' she will tell you bedder as I can.

THE VAY RUBE HOFFENSTEIN SELLS.

"HERMAN," said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ye sold all of dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?"

"No, sir; dere vas dree of dem left yet."

"Vell, ye must sell 'em right avay, as de vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me one uf de goats and I vill show you somedings about de pisness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem out, und you must learn de pisness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, und ve hav had dose goats in de store more as seex years."

An eight-dollar overcoat was handed him by his clerk, and smoothing it out, he took a buckskin money purse from the showcase, and, stuffing it full of paper, dropped it into one of the pockets.

"How, Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dat coat. I haf sold over dirty-fife uf dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deech you de pisness. Ven de next gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de vay Rube Hoffenstein, my broder in Detroit, sells his cloding and udder dings."

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a pair of suitable cheap shoes, entered the store. The proprietor advanced smiling, and inquired:

"Vat is it you vish?"

"Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?" asked the negro.

"Blenty of dem, my frent, blenty; at any price you vant."

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were encased in them, and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave, the proprietor called him back.

"I ain't gwine ter buy nuffin else. I'se got all I want," said the negro, sullenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat. It vas de pure Russian vool, und dis dime last year you doan got dot same goat for dwenty-five dollars. Mine gracious, clothing vos gone down to noding, and dere vas no money in de pisness any longer. You vant someding dot vill keep you from de vedder, und make you feel varm as summer dime. De gonsumption vas goin round, und de doctors dell me it vas

the vedder. More dan nine beoples died roun vere I lif last veek. Dink of dot. Mine frent, dot goat vas Russian vool, dick and hevy. Vy, Misder Jones, who owns de pank on Canal streed, took that goat home mit him yesterday, and vore it all day, but it vas a leetle dight agross de shoulders, und he brought it pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vas all right. Mister Jones vas a rich man, and he liked dot goat. How deep de pockets vas, but it vas a leetle dight agross de shoulders."

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets, and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy, Mister Jones vot owns de bank on Canal streed."

"What yer gwine to ax fur it?"

"Dwenty dollars."

"Dat's powerful high price fur dis coat, but I'll take it."

"Herman, here, wrap up dis goat fur the schentleman, and throw in a cravat; it will make him look nice mit de ladies."

"Nebber mind, I'll keep the coat on," replied the negro, and pulling out a roll of money, he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner moaning over the stuffed purse, Hoffenstein said to his clerk:

"Herman, fix up anudder von of dose goats de same vay, and doan forget to dell dem dot Mister Jones vot runs de pank on Canal streed vore it yesterday."

A DUTCH RECRUITING OFFICER.

The reader must picture a stout, big-bellied, short-haired recruiting-officer, with a blue cap, broad, stiff frontispiece, a short sword, blue uniform a size too small, and a raw customer from "Faderland," with wooden shoes and a long-tailed gray coat. The officer was after recruits for a German regiment, and thus went for his susceptible countryman: —

"Lo, dere, Hans! Be dat you?"

"Yaw."

"Come me to be a sojer man."

"Nein!"

"Yaw, come. It be so nice!"

"Nein! I gets shoots."

"Nix. Py tam! it is better as good. It been foon all de vile. You enlists mit me, you gets nine hundred dollars bountish."

"So?"

"Yaw. And you gets such nice clothes as never vas. Shust look at me."

"So?"

"Yaw. And in the morning, ven de trum peets, dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to come an' git your schnapps mit him."

"So?"

"Yaw. And purty soon, bime by, de trum peets again, and dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to come eat some sour-krout un sausage mit him, py dam!"

"So, mynheer?"

"Yaw, it ish so. Den purty soon, bime by, de trum peets, an' dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to ride mit him in der carriage to see your vrou or your Katrina. And den you rides mit him all over de city mit him, and no costs you one tam cent. And bime by de trum peets, and dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to come and schmoke a bipe mit him! And den bime by, purty soon, right away, de trum peets de tuyful, and dat ish de gurnel's gompliments to come and get you nine hundred tollars bountish, I tinks, but guess not, py tam!"

"Yaw! So goot?"

"Yaw! And den de General and Bresident shake hands mit you, and you eat krout mit de Bresident's vrou, and shust live like one fighting rooster, by tam! And den in a little wile you say der Bresident be one nice man, and you gets another hundred tollars bountish; and de Bresident makes one grand general mit you, purty soon I guess, but I tink not. You go mit me?"

"Yaw!"

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

MINE cracious! mine cracious! shust look here und see
A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe!
Der beoples all dink dot no prains I haf got;
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot:

Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine;
Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass of peer;
Mit a bare-footed hed, und nose but a schpeck;
A mout dot goes most to der pack off his neck;
Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine
To gif sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise.
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English too;
Says "Mamma" und "Papa," und somedimes "Ah, goo!"
You don'd find a baby den dimes oudt off nine
Dot vas qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor ofer, und drows dings aboudt,
Und poots eferyding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible sckare.
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine
Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell, —
To hear in der nighdt dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes:
Dose leedle shimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine
Dot I cuts oup at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas going to pe men,
Und all of dese droubles vill peen ofer den:
Dey vill vear a vhite shirt-vront inshtead off a bib,
Und vouldn't got tucked oup at nighdt in deir crib.
Vell, vell, ven I'm feeble, und in life's decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off mine!

DOT LEETLE TOG UNDER DER VAGON.

"Coom, vife," says goot oldt farmer Gray,
"Git on your tings: dot's markets-tay.
Ve'll go so quick vot ve can to town,
Und pack again 'fore dot sun coomes down.
Shpot! No: ve'll leave oldt Shpot behint."
But Shpot he parked, und Shpot he vhined,
Und soon made out his toggish mind
To shteal avay under dot vagon.

Avay dey vent at a merry pace;
But some sad coomes into dot farmer's face;
Und he said, "Poor Shpot! he did vant to come,
But maype dot's petter he's leaved at home.
He'll vatch de parn, und he'll vatch de cot,
Und keep dose cattles out of de lot."
"I'm not so sure of dot," growled Shpot,
On a dog-trot under dot vagon.

So soon as all dose tings vas sold,
Und he gits his pay in silber und gold,
He shtarted home, a quarter past dark,
Across a lonesomely forest. *Hark!*
A robber shumps from pehind a tree:
"Your money or your life!" says he.
It's a cross-eyed moon, so he don't can see
Dot leetle tog under de vagon.

Den Shpot parked vonce, und vonce he vhined,
Und he grapped dot tief py de pants pehind;
He dragged him down in de mud und dirt;
He teared his coat, likevise his shirt;
Und dot tief in de mud got nearly drowned,
Und he don't could rise pooty kvick off de ground;
So his lecks und arms de farmer bound,
Und histed him into dot vagon.

So Shpot he safed de farmer's life,
Also his money, likevise his vife;
Und now a hero grand und gay,
A silber necktie he vears to-day.

He goes verefer his master goes;
Und you bet he holds pooty high his nose,
Mit lots of frients, und not any foes, —
Dot leetle tog under de vagon.

SCHNITZERL'S VELOCIPEDE.

Hans Schnitzerl made a velocipede,
Vone of dot newest kind;
It didn't hafe no vheel before,
Und der vasn't none pehind.

Aber dere vas vone in de middle, dhough,
Dat's shust as sure as eggs;
Und he shtraddled across dot axle,
Mit de vheel between his legs.

Und vhen he vants to shtart it off,
He paddled mit his feet,
Und soon he made it gone so fast
Dat eferytings he beat.

He took it out on Broadway vonce,
Und shkeeted like de vind.
Phew! how he passed dot fancy schaps!
He leafed dem all pehind.

Dem fellers on dose shtylish nags
Pulled up to see him pass;
Und der Deutschers, all ockstonished, cried,
"Potz tauzand! Vas ist das?"

But faster shtill Herr Schnitzerl flew, —
On, mit a ghastly schmile:
He didn't touch de ground, py Jinks,
Not vonce in half a mile.

So vas it mit Herr Schnitzerl
Und his velocipede:
His feet both shlipped right inside out
Vhen at its extra shpeed.

He falled upon dot vheel, of course:
Dot vheel like blitzen flew;
Und Schnitzerl, he vas schnicht in vacht,
Dot schliced him grode in two.

Hans Breitmann.

THE LATEST BARBARIE FRIETCHIE.

Id was droo der sdreeds of Fredericksdown;
Der red-hot zun he vas shine him down.

Bast der zaloons all filt mit bier,
Der rebel vellers valked on deir ear.

All day droo Fredericksdown so fast,
Horses, und guns, und sozers bast.

Der rebel flags he shone him out so bridt,
As if, by Jinks! he got some ridt.

Vere vas der Onion flag? Der zun
He look him down not on a vun.

Up jumped dot olt Miss Frietchie den,
Zo oldt by ninescore years and ten.

She grabbed up der old flag der men haul down,
And fasen'd id quick by her nidtgown.

Den she sot by der vindow ver all could see,
Dere vas none vot lofe dot flag so free.

Purty soon come ridin' up Stonewall Jack,
Sittin' from der mittle of his horse's back.

Under him brow he squint him's eyes.
Dot flag! Dot make him great surprise.

Halt! each feller, make him sdill!
Fire! vas echoed from hill do hill.

Id busted der sdrings from dot nidtgown,
But Barbarie Frietchie, she vas around.

She grabbed the flag again so guick,
Und oud of the vindow her arms did sdick.

"Obuse if you would dis olt bald head,
But leave alone dot flag!" she said.

Zo soon, so guick as Jack could do,
He holler him oud mit a face so blue:

"Who bulls a hair oud of dat bald head
Dies awful guick. Go aheat!" he said.

Und all dot day, und all dot nite,
Till efery rebel vas oud of site,

Und leave behind him dot Fredericksdown,
Dot flag he vas sthicken by dot nidtgown.

Dame Barbarie Frietchie's vork is done,
She don't forever get some fun.

Bully for her! und drop a tear
For dot old vomans midout some fear.

MR. HOFFENSTEIN'S BUGLE.

"Mr. Hoffenstein," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants, and placed them on a pile, "if you don't haf any objections, I vould like to get from de store avay von efening, und go mit de soldiers to de Spanish Fort."

"Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep avay from de soldiers," replied Hoffenstein, "und stay mit de store, because, you know, you don't can put any confidence mit de soldiers — I vill tell you vhy. Von day, vile I vas in Vicksburg during de var, a cock-eyed soldier came in my store mit

an old bugle in his hand, und he looks around. I asks him vat he vants, und he buys a couple of undershirts; den he tells me to keep his bundle and his bugle behind de counter until he comes back. After de cock-eyed soldier vent de store out, some more soldiers come in und valk all around, vile dey look at de goods. 'Shentlemens,' I says, 'do you vant anydings?' — 'Ve are shust looking to see vat you haf,' said one of dem; und after avile anodder says, 'Bill, shust look dere at de bugle! de very ding de captain told us to get. You know ve don't haf any bugle in de company for dree months. — How much you ask for dot bugle?' I dells dem dot I don't can sell de bugle, because it belongs to a man vat shust vent oud. 'I vill gif you fifty dollars for it,' says de soldier, pulling his money oud. I dells him I don't can sell it, because it vasn't mine. 'I vill gif you one hundred dollars,' he said. Mine gr-r-acious! Herman, I vants to sell de bugle so bad dot I vistles. De soldiers dells me, vile dey vas leaving de store, dot if I buy de bugle from de man vot owns it, dey vill gif me one hundred und dwendy-five dollars for it. I dells dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know, Herman, to make some money py the oberation. Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes back he says, 'Gif me my bundle und bugle; I got to go to de camp.' I says, 'Mine frent, don't you vant to sell your bugle?' He dells me no, und I says, 'My little boy, Leopold, vot plays in de store, sees de bugle, und he goes all around crying shust so loud as he can, because he don't get it. Six times I takes him in de yard und vips him, und he comes right back und cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much drouble a man vill haf mit a family. I vill gif you den dollars for it, shust to please little Leopold.' De soldier von't dake it; und at last I offer him fifty dollars, und he says, 'Vell, I vill dake fifty dollars, because I can't vaste any more time: I haf to go to de camp.' Afder he goes avay, I goes to de door, und vatches for de soldiers vat vanted de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street, und I says, 'My frents, I haf got de bugle;' und dey say, 'Vell, hang it! vy don't you blow it?' Mine gr-r-acious! Herman, vat you dink? All dem soldiers belong to de same crowd, und dey make de trick to swindle me. Levi Cohen, across de street, he finds it out, und efery day he gets boys to blow horns in front of mine store, so as to make me dink how I vas swindled. Herman, I dink you had better stay mit de store."

FRITZ AND HIS BETSY FALL OUT.

Draw oop dem bapers, lawyer, und make 'em shtrong and lawful.
My house vas getting oopside oudt, und Baitsy she vas awful.
Dere's no use talkin', ve can't agree. Sooch aickshuns I naifer saw;
To tell you der troot, between you und me, she vas vorse as a mudder-in-law.
Ven I virst got married mit Baitsy, I liked her pooty vell,
But now she vas got more stubborn vot nopody can dell;
I've talked mit her togedder, vor two veeks aifery tay,
Und der furder we vas togedder, der nearer ve vas avay.

Dot all gommenced aboudt der Pible: I youst took it down vrom der shelf,—
Dot's a ding I naifer look into mooch: you know how dot vas, yourself, —
Und I vas a-reading 'boudt Daniel, how he shoomped in der lion's den,
Und youst a leedle farder along, I vas reading dem lines den
Vere it says, "Und Daniel got hees back oop — righdt oop against der vall;
Bud der lions don'd vas shkared — dey didn't do none notting at all."
Und ven I read dot shapter dru, ve both vas a goot deal puzzled;
Und I says, "Baitsy, now I see how t'vas, dem lions must bin muzzled."

She told me I vas lyin'; dot vas not vot it meant.
I said she vas anudder, und dot's youst der vay it vent;
Und den she vas got awful mad, und dold me to my vace,
"I vish, py shinks! dot Dan vas oudt, und you vas een hees blace."
"Vell," I says, "I'm villings to shange mit Daniel; let heem comb und lif mit you,
Und I'll go and shoomp een der lion's den, und enshoy myself better'n I do!

Bud vot een der dooce vould Daniel dink ov I ashk heem to
shange mit me?
He vould say, 'Oh, no! I know Baitsy too vell. I vould
rather shtay vere I be."
She shoomped righdt gwick vor der broomshtick, und vas
goin' to gife me a douse;
Bud ven she turned roundt to shtruck me, she vas all alone
in der house;
Dot's der reason I comb to talk to you aboudt der varm und
homeshtead.
Dere moosht no vone trust Baitsy on my aggount: she left
my board und bedshtead.

Vone day she vanted soam vater, und dold me to go oud
und pump it.
I dold her I vouldn't do it, und ov she didn't like she could
lump it.
She shoked me oop against der vall, und shut my vindpipe
off;
I tell you I seen shtars dot time, und I dought my head
vas off.
Py krashus! She's liable to kill me mit vatefer she gets her
hands on,
Und I get mixed oop so, I can't tell vich endt my head
shtands on.
She shtruck me vonce mit a cord-wood shtick, righdt on der
shpine ov my back.

I lefd her home, und vrom dot day till dees — vor dree veeks
— I didn't comb back.
I dell you, Meesder Lawyer, it beats all vot I've endoored,
Besides der money I've baid oudt to keeb my life enshoored.
Der more I dink ov dese dings, der less I vaut to, sir,
Und der more I dink ov Baitsey, der less I dink ov her.

Der virst time I aifer met her, I vas shtruck mit her vinning
vay;
Bud now a shange vas tooken blace — I get shtruck in a
deafferent vay.
Dot time ven ve got married, she vas a lass een shkool,
Und I vas youst aboudt the same — alas! I vas a vool.

She alvays used to shmile so nice venefer I shanced to meet
her,
I didn't dought she vould become sooch an orvul oogly
creetur;
Bud shoore I vas meesdaken, und I got beat like der dooce;
Ov you could only hear her, you'd dink her jaw vas loose.

Vone day she says, "Shut oop your moudt! your blabbin'
all der time!"
I says "I vouldn't do it"—dot's der kind ov a Dootchman I
am.
Und den, bevore I knew it, she took me by soorbrise,
Und keeked me oudt der house, sir—righdt bevore my vace
und eyes!
I tell you vat it vas, sir, I velt a goot deal put oudt,
To hafe my own belofed vife tell me to shut my moudt,
Und, because I dought I vouldn't, to keek me oudt der door.
Youst on aggount sooch aickshuns, dot's vy I veel so sore.

I've yelled und shkolded at her until my droat vas hoarse;
Bud dot naifer didn't do no goot—she's gettin' vorse und
vorse;
Und I've made oop my mind oudt, dot vas my only course
To comb here und get your adwice—und also a diworce.

. . . . . .

You talk 'boudt bein' henpecked, und ruled by voman's
tongue,
I tell you vat it is, sir, I'm vorse off den Prigham Young.
So wrode oop dot baper, lawyer, und draw it righdt avay,
Und I'll take it home to Baitsy, und see vot she vill say.

Und den to-morrow morning I vill sell aiferyding I own,
Und bid Baitsy und our shild goot-by, und go oudt een der
vorld alone.
Und ven I dink ov Baitsy a dousand milse avay,
I'll baed she'll vant to hafe me comb righdt back home und
shtay.
Bud I naifer vill comb back again, unless she's tooken sick,
Ov she is, you tailegraf me to comb back pooty gwick.
Remaimber vot I tell you, und don'd keeb me in soosbense;
Youst bay the tailegrafer, und sharge to my oxbense.

Dot puts me een mind ov someding dot I can't dink ov now;
I can't remaimber vot I vorget — dot beats all, ainyhow!
Oh! now I've got it — wrode it down, dot ven I'm dead und gone,
Baitsy'll bring back me to her, und bury me een der lawn.
Und on my tombstone let it read, in ledders large und blain,
"Here lies Shon Shtuffenheimer, and hees vife she is to blame."
Und I hope dot in a veek or two, righdt after I hafe died,
Baitsy und I vill both ov us be laying side by side.

Und ven Gabreel blows hees drumpet oop, und all der dead shall rise,
Baitsy und I vill both shoomp oop, and vipe our veeping eyes;
Und den, if it looks doubtful, ve'll shtand righdt dere und vait,
Und ven no vone vas lookin', ve'll shkweeze dru der Golden Gate.

GEORGE M. WARREN.

CUT, CUT BEHIND.

VHEN shnow und ice vas on der ground,
Und merry shleigh-bells shingle;
Vhen Shack Frost he vas peen around,
Und make mine oldt ears tingle —
I hear dhose roguish gamins say,
"Let shoy pe unconfined!"
Und dhen dhey go for efry shleigh,
Und yell, "Cut, cut pehind!"

It makes me shust feel young some more,
To hear dhose youngsters yell,
Und eef I don'd vas shtiff und sore,
Py shings! I shust vould — Vell,
Vhen some oldt pung was coomin' py,
I dink I'd feel inclined
To shump right in upon der shly,
Und shout, "Cut, cut pehind!"

I mind me vot mine fader said
Vonce vhen I vas a poy,
Mit meeschief alvays in mine head,
Und fool of life und shoy.
"Now, Hans, keep off der shleighs," says he,
"Or else shust bear in mind,
I dake you righdt across my knee,
Und cut, cut, cut pehind!"

Vell, dot vas years und years ago,
Und mine young Yawcob too,
Vas now shkydoodling droo der shnow,
Shust like I used to do;
Und ven der pungs coom py mine house,
I shust peeks droo der plind,
Und sings oudt, "Go id, Yawcob Strauss,
Cut, cut, cut, cut, pehind!"

Charles Follen Adams, in Harper's.

TICKLED ALL OAFER.

THE Chief of Police yesterday had a visit from an old farmer living out on the Center Line road, who had a story to tell. After two or three efforts, he began: —

"I vhas goin home, last night, ven I overtakes two men on der roadt. Dose fellers dey laft, und saidt would I gif 'em a ride? I laft, too, und say, 'shump in.'"

"Yes, I understand."

"Pooty queek one feller laft, und saidt he likes Dutchmens, 'cause his uncle vas a Dutchmans. Dot vhas all right, und so I laft, too. I vhas real tickled, und I shakes all oafer."

"Yes."

"In a leetle vhile one feller vhants me to shange a seventollar bill, so as he could gif some money to der orphan assylums; und he lafts, ha! ha! ha! Dot tickled me some more, und I lafts too. Den de odder feller, he grabs me py der collar und pulls me down behind, und says dey looks in my pockets for a shteampoat dot vos stolen from Detroit. Dot makes us all laff, like some goot shoke."

"It must have been funny."

"It vhas. Dose fellers took out my wallet and counted oop der monish. I had shust ten tollar; und dey laft, und said dot dey must go on some trips to der seashore mit dot. Dot tickled me some more, und I laft, too."

"Well, what then?"

"Vhell, den dey shumped oud, und put deir fingers on der noses, und says, 'Goot-py, old Dutchmans,' und avhay dey goes like some horse-races."

"And you didn't laugh at that?"

"Vhell, not pooty much. I vhas all ready to, but I shtopped. If dem fellers vhas up to shokes, it was all right; but if they vhas robbers, I vhants you to catch 'em, und gif 'em some pieces of my mind, like dunder. I doan' like somepody to laff at me vhen they doan' feel tickled all oafer."

AN ERROR O' JUDGMENT.

We are a quiet, law-abiding people doon here in Saltcoats. Indeed, I havna seen a polisman for sax weeks, an' trooly when I think o' hoo happy we a' are I'm aye reminded o' the hundred and thirty-third Saum.

Being orderly folk, an' in oor beds at a proper oor, the street-lamps are a' screwed oot every nicht at twal o'clock—an' quite late eneuch tae, for if folk are no hame by that time they should be. Oor gas, I may remark, is cheaper and better than the Glasgow thing; altho' we don't make a great wark aboot it bein' equal ta sae mony "caunle po'er," an' ither nonsense o' that kin'. Bein' savin' folk, moreover, on nichts when the mune's up the lamps are no lichtit at a'. It wad be o' nae use, you see, an' a perfect throwin' awa o' gas. But that brings me to what I was goin' tae say.

The ither nicht, though it wis vera dark, no a lamp was lichtet, a matter that rather bothered the inhabitants. By-an'-by a few o' the principal folk cam' doon tae my place jist as I wis closin', an' after a bit crack we made up oor mind tae gie a ca' on the lamplighter. The reg'lar man wis

through at Kirkliston — he's East country himsel', if I don't mistak he belangs tae Manuel — buryin' his wife's auntie; so it wis jist, as ye micht say, a depute-proxy that wis daein' the wark. Weel, we daunnert up tae this depute-proxy's hoose; bit he wis in bed, on' a' oor chappin' at the door couldna rouse him. Seein' this, we borrow't a lether, frae a slater that steys next door, an' twa o' the ithers steadin' it, I crept up the rungs an' twirlt at the window wi' my fingers, singin' a' the time —

O are ye sleeping, Wullie!
O are ye sleeping, Wullie!
O are ye ——

"Whit ye oh-in' at?" cries Wullie, comin' tae the window: "a body wid think it wis some lass you were serenadin'."

"Wullie," says I solemnly, "what's this ye hae been daein' at a' at a'?"

"I've been daein' naething but sleepin': it's you that's kicking up the row."

"But ye hivna lichtet the lamps the nicht."

"This is no my nicht: it's the mune the nicht."

"Surely ye've made a mistak, Wullie: there's nae mune that I see."

"I've made nae mistak, for I lookit the almanac."

"But will ye no listen tae reason? Put yer heid oot an' see for yersel'."

Wullie put his heid oot. "Woel," he says, "there's nae mune, certainly; but ye surely widna hae me responsible for that. I go by the almanac; an' if it says there's to be a mune, it's a' one tae me whether there's nae mune or a million o' munes, not a lamp will I licht."

"That's quite richt, Wullie: nae doot ye maun hae some rule to go by. — Gentlemen," I cries doon, "he has the best o' the argument: what am I tae dae noo?"

"Haul him oot the window," they cried up.

"Oh! if ye're goin' tae begin fechtin' I'll come doon," I replies, "and let some o' the rest o' ye up." But they cried, that I'd better jist settle it when I wis there, so I says, "Wullie, whit almanac d'ye go by? Is't Orr's, or the Belfast?"

"Here it's up on the mantlepiece, ye can see it for yersel';" and he took it doon, an' held it oot tae me, giein' me a cannle at the same time to read it by. One look, hooever, explained

the hale affair. "Gracious guidness, Wullie," I cries, "this is last year's!"

"Eh! what! last year's?"

"It is that," says I.

"Mr Kaye," says Wullie, "don't say another word. Wait a minute, an' I'll put on my troosers, an' in hauf an oor every lamp'll be shinin' sae that ye wid think it wis a general illumination."

He wis as guid as his word; an' we a' accompanied him on his rounds, an' the cheers the laddies gied as each lamp wis lichtet wid 'a' dune yer hert guid. We had a meetin' in the coalree afterwards; an' I proposed that Wullie, for his strict attention tae duty — it was only an error o' judgment he had made, very different frae carelessness — should get the first vacant place we had, at a guid wage; an' the motion wis carried, an' Wullie an' us a' went hame happy.

SOCKERY KADAHCUT'S KAT.

Oh! I had de vorst dime lasd veek dot you effer saw. Katrina (dot vos mine frau) vent avay to make a liddle bicnic, und as I vas been hafin' de shake und agers und didn't feel pooty goot, I shtayed to home.

Vell, as I vas valkin' arount de parn yart, I saw dot same olt plue hen coom out from unter der parn sayin': "Kut, kut, ka-dah-kut; kut, kut, ka-dah-kut," und dot puts me in mint of a shoke dot Katrina mait on me von tay: she sait dot I autto vas bin a olt rooster, cos de hens called me effery dime ven day lait a aigs. Dot vas a pooty goot shoke on me. Vell, as I vas saying, I saw dot olt plue hen coom out from unter de parn, und I tought to myself, meppy dere vas a nest of aigs unter dere; so I pull oud half a tozzen more sdones, und mait a hole so pig as I can crawl unter, und den as I vas crawlin' arount unter a lookin' for some nest mit aigs, all at once I spiet de pootiest liddle kat vat I effer seen; he vas all plack mit vite shtripes, und vas shnuggled ub in a little pall fahst asleeb.

Vell, ve vas bin vantin' a kat because dere vas so many mouses in de house, und I tought uf I kin git dot von I'll make Katrina a little surbrise barty; so I krawl along so sdill as never vas, till I got ub close to him, den I mait a grab

und I ketched him by the neck so dot he dont kin pite me; but ach, mine gootness, vat shmell, vorse as a huntred parrels of limburgher! *I tought I had stepped on someding dot vas deat, und proke him mit my knees.* I vas most shoke mit dot shmell; but I held dot liddle kat up close to me und klimb oud so kwick as I can. Ven I got oud in de parn yart, dere vas pig Chake Moser goin' py, und ven he seen me, he sait, "Sockery, you olt deutch fool, vot are you doin' mit dot skunk?" — "Shkunk!" I sait, "I tought dot vas a liddle kat;" und I drop him so quick like he was hot.

Vell, Chake, he laf like he vould kill himself; und I ask him vot I kin do to git me off dot shmell. He sait dot de only ding vas to be perried in de ground till de earth absorp de shmell; und he sait he vould tig de hole und fix me in, if I vish. Vell, I dink dot is very goot of Chake, und I tought if I can get me dot shmell off before Katrina cooms home, I von't say any ding about dot liddle kat to anypody. So Chake dig de hole, und I sit down in it und vas perried up to de neck; den Chake sait he vas in a hurry und he must go to de willage, und he vent avay. Booty soon kwick a fly lite on my face, und I koodn't prush him off, cos my arms vas perried doo; und booty soon more as a hundret flies und effery ding vas krawl all ofer my het, und I shpit and plow, und vink my face dill I tink I vas gone crazy. Bimepy I heart a noise doun de roat, und I looked und dere vas apoud every man, vooman, und shildren in de willage, mit shpades, mit bic-axes, mit shuffles, mit efery dings, und all runnin rite ub de hill to my house; in a minnit more as dwenty vas in der yart, und ven dey see me perried to de chin, und vinkin und shpitten at dem flies, dere eyes shtuck oud more as a half a feet, und Dick Klaus sait, "*Vot vas you doin dere, Sockery?*"

Vell, I see dot dere vas no use drying to keep dot shdill, so I told dem all aboud dot liddle kat; und, my chimminy cracious! you kood hear dem fellows laff more as a mile.

You see dot shackass of a Chake Moser run und told dem in de willage dot dere vas a man perried alive up to Kadahcut's, so of course eferypody coom to git him oud.

Vell, dey tig me oud, und I trow away dem clothes, und vash, und vash; but ven Katrina coom ad nide, I shmell so dot she mait me sleeb in de parn for a whole veek.

I tink I shall moof avay; eferypody vants to know if I vant to py a kat, und I don'd kan shtand dis much longer yet.

I VASH SO GLAD I VASH HERE!

A HUMOROUS RECITATION.

One who does not believe in immersion for baptism was holding a protracted meeting, and one night preached on the subject of baptism. In the course of his remarks he said that some believe it necessary to go down into the water, and come up out of it, to be baptized. But this he claimed to be fallacy; for the preposition "into" of the Scripture should be rendered differently, as it does not mean *into* at all times. "Moses," he said, "we are told, went up into the mountain; and the Saviour was taken up into a high mountain, etc. Now, we do not suppose either went into a mountain, but went unto it. So with going down into the water: it means simply going down close by or near to the water, and being baptized in the ordinary way by sprinkling or pouring." He carried this idea out fully, and in due season closed his discourse, when an invitation was given for any one so disposed to rise and express his thoughts. Quite a number of his brethren arose and said they were glad they had been present on this occasion, that they were well pleased with the sound sermon they had just heard, and felt their souls greatly blessed. Finally, a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic extraction, a stranger to all, arose and broke the silence that was almost painful, as follows: —

"Mister Breacher, I is so glad I vash here to-night, for I has had explained to my mint some dings dat I neffer could pelief before. Oh, I is so glad dat into does not mean into at all, but shust close by or near to; for now I can pelief many dings vot I could not pelief pefore. We reat, Mr. Breacher, dat Taniel vash cast into de ten of lions, and came out alife. Now I neffer could pelief dat, for wilet peasts would shust eat him right off; but now it is fery clear to my mint He vash shust close py or near to, and tid not get into de ten at all. Oh, I ish so glad I vash here to-night! Again, we reat dat de Heprew children vash cast into de firish furnace, and dat always look like a peeg story too, for they would have been purnt up; but it ish all blain to my mint now, for dey was shust cast py or close to de firish furnace. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night! And den, Mr. Breacher, it ish said dat Jonah vash cast into

de sea, and taken into de whale's pelly. Now I neffer could pelief dat. It alwish seemed to me to be a peeg fish story, but it ish all blain to my mint now. He vash not into de whale's pelly at all, but shump onto his pack and rode ashore. Oh, I vash so glad I vash here to-night!

"And now, Mr. Breacher, if you will shust exblain two more bassages of Scriptures, I shall be oh, so happy dot I vash here to-night. One of dem ish vere it saish de vicked shall be cast into a lake dat burns mit fire and primstone alwish. Oh, Mr. Breacher, shall I be cast into dat lake if I am vicked, or shust close py or near to — shust near enough to be comfortable? Oh, I hope you tell me I shall be cast only shust py a good vays off, and I will pe so glad I vash here to-night. De oder bassage is dat vich saish, blessed are they who do these commandments, dat dey may have right to de dree of life, and enter in droo de gates of de city, and not shust close py or near to, — shust near enough to see vat I have lost, — and I shall pe so glad I vash here to-night!"

DOT SHLY LEEDLE RASKEL.

I kin saw you, you shly leedle raskel,
A-beekin' ad me drough dot shair!
Come here righd away now und kiss me —
You doughd I don't know you vas dere.
You all der dime hide from your fader,
Und subbose he can't see mit his eyes,
You vas goin' to fool me — eh, Fritzey? —
Und gafe me a grade big surprise?

Dot boy vas a rekular monkey —
Dere vas noding so high he don'd glimb;
Und his mudder, she says dot his drousers
Vants new bosoms in dem all der dime.
He vas schmard, dough, dot same leedle feller,
Und he sings all der vile like a lark.
From vonce he gids up in der mornin'
Dill ve drofe him to bed afder dark.

He's der bussiest von in der family,
Und I bed you de louder he sings
He vas raisin' der dickens mit some von —
He vas up to all manner of dings.
He vas beekin' away, dot young raskel,
Drough der shair — Moly Hoses! vot's dot?
Dot "son-of-gun "mit a sceesors
Is cut off der dail of der cat!

A JEW'S TROUBLE.

HURWOOD.

Vot a coundry dot is, anyvays! unt vot a peebles! Ve poor Shews don'd got some quietness anyveres. Ve vas been persecooted! dot is vot it is. Yust lisden vonce, vat droubles I haf by mineself.

In the vorst blace my name vos Isaacs — dot is my lasd name: my vrond name vas Solomon, unt I keeps me a nice leedle cloding schtore in de Powery. You oughd to seen it vonce! I got me eferyt'ing in dot schtore. Vell, von day last veek a nice cushdomer, vot liefed in Yarsey, come in, unt I sells him a peautiful coat very sheep. Von he pud id on, id vas a leedle, *yust a leedle*, full preasded in de pack; bud I got dot coat ub in my handt, so he did nod know it vas too pig enough. I dold him dot vas *peautiful* fid — yusd like it vas made for him!

"Of you don'd peleef dot," says I, "I galls my vife. Maria, don'd dot coat fid dot shentlemans?"

"Yah, Solomon, dot vas a loafly fid, for sure!" said Maria.

So dot shentleman buy dot coat, and giefe me yust vot I asked, und nefer said vonce, "I giefe you hafe of dot brice," or somedings like dot, und I vas mad yust like a hornet dot I didn'd ask him dwice as mooch!

But vot has all dot got to do mit my droubles?

Nix!

Vell, go ahade!

Von day I gone me oud for a leedle valk, und vas semoking von of dose real Hafana segars vot you buy dree for den cents, ven ub comes a pig, bulled-headed mans, vot hafe his hair all viled off, und he busds me in de schnood righd avay

quick, pefore I know me some dings; unt, as my nose don'd vas fery schmall, it hurd me like fury.

"Vot de madder is, ain'd it?" said I. "Vot for you hid me dot vay?"

"Pecause you vas a *Shew*: dot is vot de madder vas!" said that old fighder.

"Vell, vot if I vas a Shew? I don'd do somedings by you! I don'd know you anyvays."

Unt den he giefe id do me again righdt in my left ear.

"Dot ish pecause you vas a Shew vot *killed de Saviour!* Dot is vy I hid you; und I'll busd efery hook nose vot I meed!"

"Vot hafe I got to do mit dot, anyvays? Id vas more ash a dousand years ago ven dot habbened, und I vas nod borned yet! You pig shackass, vot you means, anyvays?"

"Vell," says old schwell headt, "dot makes me nod different! I don'd hear me noding about it *till lasd nightd*, unt I'm going to 'put a headt' on every Shew I see, for doin' it!"

Vell, dot vas pig fool anyvays; so I left him and gone me home to Maria, und she pud mustard boultice on my schmeller. I vill sent dot feller up to blay "scheckers mit his nose," yust so soon as I catch him again!

DER MULE SHTOOD ON DER STEAMBOAD DECK.

Der mule shtood on der steamboad deck,
For der land he wouldn't dread.
Dhey tied a halder rount his neck,
Und vacked him over der headt.

But obstinate and braced he shtood,
As born der scene do rule,
A creature of der holt-back brood,—
A shtubborn, shteadfast mule.

Dhey cursed and shwore, bud he vould not go
Undill he felt inclined:
Und dough dhey dundered blow on blow,
He aldered nod his mind.

Der boats-boy to der shore complained,
"Der varmint's bound do shtay!"
Shtill ubon dot olt mule's hide
Der sounding lash made blay.

His masder from der shore reblied,
"Der boads aboud do sail;
As oder means in vain you've dried,
Subbose you dwist his dail.

"I dhink dot dat vil magke him land."
Der boats-boy, brave, dough bale,
Den near drew mit oudstretched hand,
Do magke der dwist avail.

Dhen game a kick of thunder sound!
Dot boy — oh, vhere vas he?
Ask of der vaves dot far around
Beheld him in der sea.

For a moment nod a voice was heard;
Bud dot mule he vinked his eye,
As dhough to ask, to him occurred,
"How vas dot for high?"

ANON.

TEACHING HIM THE BUSINESS.

"Herman," said a Poydras-street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, "haf ve sold all of dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?"

"No, sir; dere vas dree of dem left yet."

"Vell, ve must sell 'em right avay, as the vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me one uf de goats und I vill show you somedings about de pisness. I vill tell you how we vill sell dem oud, und you must learn de bisness, Hermann; de vinter vas gone, you know, und ve hav had dose goats in de store more es seex years."

An eight-dollar overcoat was handed him by his clerk, and, smoothing it out, he took a buck-skin money-purse from the show-case, and stuffing it full of paper, dropped it into one of the pockets.

"Now, Herman, my poy," he continued, "vatch me sell dot goat. I haf sold over dirty-fife uv dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deech you de pisness. Ven de nexd gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de way Rube Hoffenstein, mine broder in Detroit, sells his cloding und udder dings."

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a suitable pair of cheap shoes, entered the store. The proprietor advanced smiling, and inquired —

"Vat is it you vish?"

"Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?" asked the negro.

"Blenty uf dem, my frient, blenty; at any brice you vant."

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans; and soon his pedal extremities were encased in them, and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave, the proprietor called him back.

"I ain't gwine to buy nuffin' else. I'se got all I want," said the negro sullenly.

"Dot may be so, my dear sir," replied the proprietor, "but I shust vants you to look at dis goat. It vas de pure Russian wool, und dis dime last year you doan got dot same goat for twenty-five dollars. Mine gracious! cloding vas gone down to noding, and der vas no money in de pisness any longer. You vant someding dot vill keep you from de vedder, und make you feel varm as summer-dime. De gonsumption vas going round, und de doctors dell me it vas de vedder. More den nine beobles died round vere I lif last week. Dink of dot! Mine frient, dot goat vas Russian vool, dick und hevy. Vy, Misder Jones, who owns der pank on Canal Streed, took dot goat home mit him yesterday, und vore it all day; but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders, und he brought it pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vas all righd. Misder Jones vas a rich man und he liked dot goat. How deep de pockets vas! but it vas a leedle dight agross de shoulders.

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired —

"Who did you say wore this hyar coat?"

"Vy, Misder Jones, vot owns de pank on Canal Streed.

"What yer gwine to ax for it?"

"Dwenty dollars."

"Dat's pow'ful high price fur dis coat, but I'll take it."

"Herman! here, wrap up this goat for de schentleman and drow in a cravat; it vill make him look nice mit de ladies."

"Nebber mind, I'll keep de coat on," replied the negro; and pulling out a roll of money he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner moaning over the stuffed purse, Hoffenstein said to his clerk: —

"Herman, fix up anudder vun of dose goats de same vay; and doan forget to dell dem dot Misder Jones vot run de pank on Canal Streed vore it yesterday."

DER GOOD-LOOKIN SHNOW.

Oh! dot shnow, dot goot-lookin shnow,
Vhich makes von der shky out on tings below,
Und yoost on der haus vhere der shingles vas grow,
You come mit some coldness, vherefer you go;
Valtzin und pblayin und zinging along, —
Goot-lookin shnow, you dond cood done wrong.
Ofen of you make on some oldt gal's scheek,
It makes notting tifferent, ofer das shendlesom freak.
Goot-lookin shnow, von der glouds py der shky,
You vas bully mit cold vedder, und bully von high.

Oh! dot shnow, dot goot-lookin shnow,
Yoost dis vay und vot you make vhen you go;
Fhlyin aroundt, you got matness mit fun,
Und fhreeze makes der nose of efery von;
Lafein, runnin, mit gwickness go py,
Yoost shtobbin a leedle, den pooty gwick fhly;
Und efen der togs, dot vas out in der vet,
Vood shnab at der bieces vhich makes on dhere hedt.
Der peobles vas grazy, und caddles vood crow
Und say how you vas, you goot-lookin shnow.

Und so gwick you vas dhere, und der vedder did shnow,
Dhey shpeak out in dones so shweeder as low,
Und der shleigh-riders, too, vas gone py in der lite,
You dond cood saw dhem, dill quite out of site.

Schwimmen, shkimmen, fhlirdin dhey go
Rect on der tob of dot goot-lookin shnow.
Dot shnow vas vhite glean vhen it comes der shky down,
Und yoost so muddy like mud, vhen it comes of der town;
To been valked on py more as dwo hoondret fife feet,
Dill gwick, vas yoost lookin so phlack like der shtreet.

Vell, I vas yoost lookin vonce so goot like dot shnow,
But I tumbled me off, und vay I did go;
Nicht so glean, like der mut dot growed on der shtreet,
I vas shcraped von der poots off, of der peobles I meet.
Dinkin und shworin, I like of I die,
To been shtiff like a mackerel mit no von to buy;
Vhile I trink me some lager to got a shquare meal,
I vas afraid von der ghosts mine pody vood shteal.
Got in Himmel! how ish dot? Vas I gone down so low,
Vhen I vonce vas so vhiteness like dot goot-lookin shnow?

Yah, for dhrue, I vas told you, I vas vonce pure like dot shnow,
Mit blaindy of lofe, von mine heart out vas grow;
I dink von dhem efery von, and dhey dink von me too,
Und I vas humpugged mit fhladeries, dot's yoost vot dhey do.
Mine Fadder, Mudder, Gabruder der same,
Vas loose me some sympadies, und forget vonce mine name;
Und dot raskals who comes of me in der tarkness py nite,
Vood gone more as a plocks to got out of mine site,
Der coat von mine lecks und poots of mine toe,
Vas not gleaner as doze of dot goot-lookin shnow.

It was gweer it shood been dot dot goot-lookin shnow
Vood make on a pad mans mit novhere to go;
Und how gweer it vood been, vhen yoost pehindt tay,
Ofer der hail und das vind mit mine pody vood pblay,
Hobbin, skibben, und me dedt like an eel —
Mine mat vas got oop, never a vord could I shpeil,
To been zeen py der peobles who vas valk der town,
Who vas dickled mit pbleasures, of der shnow vas come down,
I yoost lay der ground, und gone died mit a woe,
Mid a pedgwilts und billows, von der goot-lookin shnow.

HOW JAKE SCHNEIDER WENT BLIND.

In Germantown, near Philadelphia, several years ago, a native, simple-minded Dutchman, named Jacob Schneider, kept a liquor and lager-beer saloon. Jacob was not only fond of drinking lager with his customers, but would not refuse either corn-juice, red-eye, or Jersey lightning, when asked to imbibe thereof in a social way — the customer, of course, paying an extra half-dime for Jacob's drink. One would not suppose that this friendly habit could, by any possibility, bring trouble and vexation upon honest Jacob; but it did, as we shall presently show.

One eventful night it was observed that Schneider had shut up his saloon and gone home full an hour earlier than usual. Being asked, next day, what was the matter, he told the following droll story: —

"I shut up mine blace pecause I vas mat as ter tyfel, and vas humpugged into der pargain. I'll tell you 'pout it. Yer see, dree or four young shcamps gomes into mine saloon, and one says to me, 'Yacob, you got some fresh lager?' I says 'yaas,' and I draws der lager; anoder von says he vants gards, and I prings de gards, and da blays gards. Pimeby noder says, 'Yacob, old poy, let's have some red-eye! and mind you, Yacob, pring an extra glass for yourself.' Vell den, I prings der pottle of ret-eye, and da drinks two dree dimes, and I drinks mit 'em two dree dimes; and I gets so tam trunk dat I lies down on der pench and goes to shleep. Ven I vakes up, der room ish dark as der tyfel, put I hears der young chaps calling der gards; von says, 'bass!' nodder says, 'left power!—right power!' den nodder von, he says, 'uker'd!' and shwears like a drooper. Da vas all blaying at der taple, shust as da vas ven I goes to shleep, but mine eyes vas nix — I could shust see notting at all — the room vas bitch dark. So I dinks I vas plind, and I feel pad, and I cry out, 'Oh, mine Gott! I p'lieve I'm shtruck plind!' Den der young chaps leaves der taple and gomes vhere I vas, and makes p'leeve da very sorry. One says, 'Poor Yacob! you can no see — vat vill der poor man's vamerly do!' Nodder call me poor cuss, and says I no pusiness to trink noding stronger dan lager. I got mat den — mat as dunder — and I says to him, 'Vy, den, you vants me to drink it mit you? I p'leeve you put shtuff in der liquor to make me plind!'

Den he laughs at me, and says I needn't trink if I didn't pe a mind to. Shust den von little poy gomes to der door mit a lantern, and I finds der drick da vas blaying me — I see shust as goot as ever! Der rascals had plow out der lights, and make p'leeve play uker to vool me! I told 'em 'twas all humpug, and they petter glear out, for I vouldn't light up no more. Dat's vat mine shaloon vas shut up for."

THE DUTCHMAN AND THE RAVEN.

Vonce upon a midnite dreary, as I pondered, veak and veary,
Ofer many a glass of lager, vot I drank in days of yore,
In my bed I vas faschd nabbing, ven I dream I heert some dapping,
As if some von gently drowing brickbats at my voodshed door;
"Dis dot Snyder poy," I muttered, "trying to preak my voodshed door —
Only dis, und noding more."

Yah, disdinctly I remember, it was in dot pleak December,
Und each seberate dying ember vos gone oud long pefore;
Dot nide I felt quoide heardy, for Louise vent to a bardy,
Und of cause I drunk more lager as I nefer did pefore;
But schdill I know dot somedings sthruck my oudside voodshed door —
Only dot, und noding more.

From oud mine bed I makes von jumb, und see vot vos dis drubble,
Mine Got! vot makes mine legs so veak? I feel so not pefore;
I sckarce could valk, I could not talk, mine mind was in a muddle;
But I dought vas Johnny Snyder dryin' to open schud mine door,
Und mit cabbage-sdumps to hit me, as he often doned pefore —
Dis I said, und noding more.

Py und py I vos got praver; den I takes mine gun and sabre,
Und schloly valks, midout mine pants, up to mine voodshed door;
Und dare for von half hour I sdood mitout no power,
So veak I vos I could not lift mine hands up any more;
But at vonce I got more polder, und I opened vide de door —
Plack as darkness, noding more.

Deep into dot plackness peeping, all around mine voodshed creeping,
Dreaming dreams no Dutchman efer dare to dream pefore.
Der silence vos unbroken, und der sdillness gave no token;
But I hear somepody spoken, "You vill vare dem pants no more."
"Vot is dot?" I cried, and someding answered back the vord, "No more."
Merely dis, und noding more.

Back indo my bedroom turning, all mine sole mitin me burning,
Den vonce more I heert a tapping, someding louder as pefore.
Now I cries out, "Dunder vedder! vot the devil ish the madder?"
Surely dis ain't Johnny Snyder hitting cabbage mit mine door?
No! I dink dis cannot be, for I bet, by geminee!
'Twas the vind, und noding more.

Oben here I flung mine vindow, ven dere all at vonce came into
A ding just like a big plack cat I never saw pefore;
Von fearful vink he gafe me, not von moment sdoped nor sdayed he;
His pack he humped, und den he jumped upon mine bedroom door.
Dare he sat, und noding more.

The air dew vas so funny, for it schmells no more like
honey,
Und den I squease mine nose hard until it vas quide sore;
Den vonce I cried mid all my mide, "I vant to vare mine
pants to-night,
Und of you dink dot I vos dighd, chust chumped down of
dot floor;"
Again I heard it gently say: "You'll vare dem pants no
more."
Dis it said, und noding more

"Profid," said I, "ding of efil; profid sdill, if dorg or devil,
For vot you comes into mine house? I vant you here no
more;
Leafe no ding here as a doken of dot lie vich you hafe
spoken;
You go home, I vas not joking, for I told you vonce pe-
fore,
Chust dake dot smell frum out mine house,und jump down
off mine door!"
But it vinked, und said no more.

THE DUTCHMAN WHO GAVE MRS. SCUDDER THE SMALL-POX.

Some years ago, a droll sort of a Dutchman was the driver of a stage in New Jersey, and he passed daily through the small hamlet of Jericho. One morning, just as the vehicle was starting from Squash Point, a person came up and requested the driver to take in a small box, and "leave it at Mrs. Scudder's, third house on the left after you get into Jericho."

"Yaas, oh yaas, Mr. Ellis, I knows der haus!" said the driver, "I pleeve der voman dakes in vashin', vor I always sees her mit her clothes hung out."

"You're right, that's the place," said Ellis (for that was the man's name), "she washes for one of the steamboats."

The box was thereupon duly deposited in the front boot, the driver took his 'leven-penny bit for carrying it, and the stage started on its winding way. In an hour or two, the four or five houses comprising the village of Jericho hove in

sight. In front of one of them, near the door, a tall, muscular woman was engaged at a wash-tub; while lines of white linen, fluttering in the wind, ornamented the adjoining lawn. The stage stopped at the gate, when the following ludicrous dialogue, and attendant circumstances, took place: —

Driver — Is dis Miss Scutter's haus?

Woman [looking up, without stopping her work,] — Yes, I'm Mrs. Scudder.

Driver — I'fe got der small pox in der stage; vill you come out and dake it?

Woman [suddenly throwing down the garment she was washing] — Got the small-pox! Mercy on me! why do you stop here, you wicked man? You'd better be off, quick as you can. [Runs into the house.]

Driver mutters to himself — I vonder vat's der matter mit der fool; I'fe goot mind to drow it over der fence.

Upon second thought, he takes the box, gets off the stage, and carries it into the house. But in an instant he reappears, followed by a broom with an enraged woman at the end of it, who is shouting in a loud voice —

"You git out of this! clear yourself quicker! You've no business to come here exposing decent people to the small-pox; what do you mean by it?"

"I dells you it's der shmall *pox!*" exclaimed the Dutchman, emphasising the word box as plainly as he could — "Ton't you versteh? — der shmall *pox* dat Misther Ellis sends to you."

But Mrs. Scudder was too much excited to comprehend this explanation, even if she had listened to it. Having it fixed in her mind that there was a case of small-pox on the stage, and that the driver was asking her to take into the house a passenger thus afflicted, her indignation knew no bounds. "Clear out!" exclaimed she, excitedly, "I'll call the men folks if you don't clear!" and then shouting at the top of her voice, "Ike! you Ike! where are you?" Ike soon made his appearance, and inquired —

"W-what's the matter, mother?"

The driver answered — "I dells you now onct more, for der last time, I'fe got der shmall pox; and Misther Ellis he dells me to gif it to Miss Scutter, and if dat vrow ish Miss Scutter, vy she no dake der pox?"

By this time several of the passengers had got off the stage to see the fun, and one of them explained to Mrs. Scudder

that it was a box, and not small-pox, that the driver wished to leave with her.

The woman had become so thoroughly frightened that she was still incredulous, until a bright idea struck Ike.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed he, "I know what 'tis — it's Madame Ellis's box of laces, sent to be done up."

With this explanation the affair was soon settled, and Mistress Scudder received the Dutchman's "shmall pox" amidst the laughter and shouts of the occupants of the old stage-coach. The driver joined in, although he had not the least idea of what they were laughing at, and as the vehicle rolled away, he added not a little to the mirth by saying, in a triumphant tone of voice, "I vas pound ter gif der old vomans der shmall pox, vether she vould dake it or not!"

ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

MACPHAIRSON Clonglocketty Angus McClan
Was the son of an elderly laboring man.
You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader, at sight,
And p'r'aps altogether, shrewd reader, you're right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the beastly Deeside,
Round by Dingwell and Wrath to the mouth of the Clyde,
There wasn't a child or a woman or man
Who could pipe with Clonglocketty Angus McClan.

No other could wake such detestable groans
With reed and with chaunter, with bag and with drones.
All day and all night he delighted the chiels
With sniggering pibrochs and jiggety reels.

He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the ground,
And the neighboring maidens would gather around
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his een,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

All loved their McClan, save a Sassenach brute
Who came to the Highlands to fish and to shoot.
He dressed himself up in a Highlander way;
Though his name it was Pattison Corby Torbay.

Torbay had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotchman in every sense ;
But this is a matter, you'll readily own,
That isn't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonnily built;
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and kilt;
Stick a skean in his hose — wear an acre of stripes —
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

Clonglocketty's pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor Pattison Corby Torbay.
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

"Macphairson Clonglocketty Angus, my lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me mad.
If you really must play on that horrid affair,
My goodness, play something resembling an air."

Boiled over the blood of Macphairson McClan —
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man;
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

"Let's show," said McClan, "to this Sassenach loon
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.
Let's see," said McClan, as he thoughtfully sat,
"'*In my Cottage*' is easy, — I'll practise at that."

He blew at his "Cottage," and he blew with a will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until
(You'd hardly believe it) McClan, I declare,
Elicited something resembling an air.

It was wild — it was fitful — as wild as the breeze:
It wandered about into several keys.
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware;
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced;
He shrieked in his agony, bellowed and pranced.
And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

"Hech gather, hech gather, hech gather around;
And fill a' ye lugs wi' the exquisite sound.
An air fra' the bagpipes — beat that if you can!
Hurrah for Clonglocketty Angus McClan!"

The fame of his piping spread over the land:
Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore
He'd stand it no longer — he drew his claymore,
And (this was, I think, in extremely bad taste)
Divided Clonglocketty close to the waist.

Oh, loud were the wailings for Angus McClan!
Oh, deep was the grief for that excellent man!
The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

It sorrowed poor Pattison Corby Torbay
To find them "take on" in this serious way.
He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
And solaced their souls with the following words: —

"O maidens!" said Pattison, touching his hat,
"Don't blubber, my dears, for a fellow like that;
Observe, I'm a very superior man,
A much better fellow than Angus McClan."

They smiled when he winked and addressed them as "dears,"
And they all of them vowed, as they dried up their tears,
A pleasanter gentleman never was seen —
Especially Ellen McJones Aberdeen.

W. S. Gilbert.

A DUTCH SERMON.

Mine friends, ven first you come here, you was poor; and now, friends, you is prout; and you's gotten on your unicorns, ant dem vits you like a dongs upon a hog's pack. Now, mine friends, let me dell you dis: a man is a man if he's no pigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid vent out to fight mit Goliah,

he dook noting vid him but one sling. Now don't mistake me, mine friends: it vas not a rum sling; no, nor a gin sling; no, nor a mint vater sling; no: it was a sling made mit an hickory stick. Now, ven Goliah sees Tavid coming, "You little dampt scoundrel, does you comes to vight me? I vill give you to de birds of de fielt, and de peasts of de air!" Tavid says, "Goliah, Goliah, de race is not always mit de shwift, nor ish de battle mit de strong; and a man is a man if he's no pigger ash my dumb." So Tavid he fixes a shtone in his sling, and he drows it at Goliah, and knocks him rite in de vorehead; and den Tavid takes Goliah's swort, and cuts off his head; and den all de pretty cals comes out and strewed flowers in his way, and sung, "Saul is a creat man, vor he has kilt his tousands; put Tavid is creater as he, vor he has kilt Goliah." Now, mine friends, when you coes out to vight mit te rebels, remember vat I dell you, — dat a man is a man if he's no pigger as my dumb.

SHACOB'S LAMENT.

Oxcoose me if I shed some tears,
  Und wipe my nose avay;
Und if a lump vos in my troat,
  It comes up dere to shtay.

My sadness I shall now unfoldt;
  Und if dot tale of woe
Don'd do some Dutchmans any good,
  Den I don't pelief I know.

You see I fall myself in love;
  Und effery night I goes
Across to Brooklyn by dot pridge,
  All dressed in Sunday clothes.

A vidder vomans vos der brize,
  Her husband he vos dead;
Und all alone in this colt vorldt,
  Dot vidder vos, she said.

Her heart for love vos on der pine,
Und dot I like to see;
Und all der time I hoped dot heart
Vos on der pine for me.

I keeps a butcher shop, you know,
Und in a stocking stout,
I put avay my gold and bills,
Und no one gets him oudt.

If in der night some bank cashier
Goes skipping off mit cash,
I shleep so sound as nefer vos,
Vhile rich folks go to shmash.

I court dot vidder sixteen months,
Dot vidder she courts me;
Und vhen I says, "Vill you be mine?"
She says, "You bet I'll be!"

Ve vos engaged — oh, blessed fact!
I squeeze dot dimpled hand;
Her head upon my shoulder lays,
Shust like a bag of sand.

"Before der vedding day vos set,"
She vispers in mine ear,
"I like to say I haf to use
Some cash, my Jacob, dear.

"I owns dis house and two big farms,
Und ponds und railroad shtock;
Und up in Yonkers I bossess
A grand big peesness block.

"Der times vos dull, my butcher boy,
Der market vos no good;
Und if I sell" — I sqeezed her handt
To show I understood.

Next day — oxcoose my briny tears —
Dot shtocking took a shrink;
I counted out twelf hundred in
Der cleanest kind o' chink.

Und later, by two days or more,
Dot vidder shlopes avay;
Und leaves a note behindt for me,
In vhich dot vidder say, —

"DEAR SHAKE: —

Der rose vas redt,
Der violet blue —
You see I've left,
Und you're left, too!"

MR. SCHMIDT'S MISTAKE.

I GEEPS me von leedle schtore town Proadway, und does a pooty goot peesnis; bud I ton't got mooch gapital to vork mit, so I finds id hard vork to get me all der gredits vot I vould like. Last veek I hear aboud some goots dot a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he vould gife me der refusal of dose goots for a gouple a days. He gafe me der refusal; dot is, he sait I gouldn't haf dem. But he sait he vould gall on me, und see mine sthore; and den if mine schtanding in peesnis vas goot, berhaps ve might do somedings togedder. Vell, I vas behint mine gounter yesderday, ven a shentleman gomes in, und dakes me py der hant, und say, "Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve." I say, "Yaw," und den I dinks to mineself, "Dis vas de man vot has dose goots to sell, und I musd dry to make some goot imbression mit him so ve gould do some peesnis." — "Dis vas goot schtore," he says, looking aroundt; "bud you ton't got a pooty pig schstock already." I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat 'bout a tousand tollars voort off goots in der blace, so I says, "You ton't vould dink I hat more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle schtore, aind id?" He says, "You ton't tole me! Vos dot bossible?" I says, "Yaw." I meant dot id *vas bossible*, dough id vasn't so; vor I vas like Shorge Vashingtons ven he cut town der "olt elm" on Poston Gommons mit his leedle hadget, und gouldn't dell some lies aboudt id. "Vell," says der schentleman, "I dinks you ought to know petter as anypody else vot you haf got in der schtore;" und den he dakes a leedle book vrom his bocket oudt, und say, "Vell, I poots you town vor dree

tousand tollars." I ask him vat he means py "poots me town;" und den he says he vas von off der daxmen, or assessors of broperty, und he tank me so kindly as nefer vos, because he say I vos sooch an honest Deutscher, und tidn't dry und sheat der gofermants. I dells you vat it vos, I tidn't veel any more petter as a hundord ber cent, ven dot man valks oudt off mine schtore, und der nexd dime I makes free mit sdrangers, I vinds first deir peesnis oudt.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

JOHN AND TIBBIE DAVISON'S DISPUTE.

JOHN DAVISON and Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toasting their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the fluir,
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did ye see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"
"A moose?" — "Aye, a moose." — "Na, na, guidman:
It was'na a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Ow, ow, guidwife! to think ye've been
Sae lang aboot the hoose,
An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yon was'na a rat! 'twas a moose!"

"I've seen mair mice than you, guidman, —
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue, an' say nae mair,
I tell ye, it was a rat!"

"*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, guidwife!
I'll be mester o' this hoose:
I saw't as plain as een could seet,
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the mester o' the hoose,
It's I'm the mistress o't;
An' *I* ken best what's in the hoose:
Sae I tell ye, it was a rat!"

"Weel, weel, guidwife, gae mak' the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
So up she rose, and made the brose,
While John sat toasting his taes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
And aye their lips played smack:
They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot, guidwife,
Aboot a moose." — "A what?
It's a lee ye tell; an' I say again
It was'na a moose; 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't!
'Twas a moose!" — "'Twas a rat!" — "'Twas a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she strack him ower the pow.
"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that;
Gae to your bed, ye canker'd sumph, —
'Twas a rat!" — "'Twas a moose!" — "'Twas a rat!"

She sent the brose caup at his heels,
As he hirpled ben the hoose;
Yet he shoved oot his head as he steekit the door,
And cried, "'Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!"

But when the carle was fast asleep,
She paid him back for that,
And roared into his sleepin' lug,
"'Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!"

The de'il be wi' me if I think
It was a beast ava! —
Neist mornin', as she sweepit the fluir,
She faund wee Johnnie's ba'!

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

FRITZ UND I.

Mynheer, blease helb a boor oldt man,
Vot gomes vrom Sharmany,
Mit Fritz, mine tog und only freund,
To geep me gompany.

I haf no gelt to puy mine pread,
No blace to lay me down,
For ve vas vanderers, Fritz und I,
Und strangers in der down.

Some beoples gife us dings to eadt,
Und some dey kicks us oudt,
Und say, "You ton't got peesnis here,
To sdroll der schtreets aboudt!"

Vot's dat you say? You puy mine tog
To gife me pread to eadt?
I vas so boor as nefer vas,
But I vas no "tead peat."

Vot! sell mine tog, mine leetle tog,
Dot vollows me aboudt,
Und vags his dail, like anydings,
Vene'er I dakes him oudt!

Schust look at him, und see him schump!
He likes me pooty vell;
Und dere vas somedings 'bout dat tog,
Mynheer, I vouldn't sell.

"Der collar?" Nein, 'tvas somedings else
Vrom vich I gould not bart;
Und if dot ding vas dook avay,
I dinks it prakes mine heart.

"Vot vas it, den, aboudt dat tog,"
You ashk, "dat's not vor sale?"
I dells you vat it ish, mine freund:
Tish der vag off dat tog's dail!

Charles F. Adams.

A TUSSLE WITH IMMIGRANTS.

The Ethnological Society of North America wished me to photograph types of immigrants arriving from Europe at New York.

Castle Garden is where all steerage passengers land; and I was allowed every facility by the authorities.

I began with an Italian, swarthy, under-sized, dressed in velveteen, and scented with garlic. As I placed him in front of the camera, he said:—

"Ah been here before. Ah no greenhorn. Ah know the ropes a. You take a pictura don't cost you a centa; you don't pay me a dolla; ah make ah face a so you don't getta the pictura. You don't picka me up a sardine. I sale the banana lass year in New York."

A Frenchman was the next subject. Tall, meagre, polite, and talkative.

"Sare," he remarked, "ze photographie ees not to me for ze first taime. Ze art of all kind faind himself at home in ma countrie — *la belle France*. I also am artist. I make ze wall papaire to beautify ze house. I am artist in ze paste-pot, and ze scissaires. To faind already a brothaire artist makes me to weep. Excuse me zat I weep. I remove to you ze hat; I salute ze veritable artist." Then this artist tried to kiss me, and because I repulsed him stood in gloomy majesty while I photographed him.

Following my French friend, a Scotchman was brought. He wished me to take pictures of his entire family — eleven in all — and when informed that only types, not families, were required, he broke forth:—

"I'm no able exactly to see why types should be needed, and no families. A type is guid eneugh thing gin ye'll want to prent a paper, but a lairge family o' braw lads an' bonnie lasses gangs a lang distance in a new land, an' I'm free to say my ain family is the lairgest ye'll see frae the ship."

Even the stolid immigrants had to smile when the next subject was brought. He was a young German, tight-sleeved, long-skirted, smiling, and chatty.

"Vell! Py jimmeny! you took my picture mid a box! How you done it I gifs oop! Und you told me ov I move I spoil him alretty. Den I don'd move. Ov a flea pites me, I don'd move, — ov you don'd stand me too long. Ov a man

gifs me a glass of peer. I don'd move. Ov I got hungry, I don'd go to dinner all der vile. I shoost stand here like I vas a dellygraff bole! Don'd it?"

I finished the morning's work with a splendid specimen of a young Irishman, who had, I suspect, been injudiciously "treated" by his friends.

As I placed him before the camera, he said: —

"Av' it's taking aim ye are, don't say I thrimbled. God knows I'm willin' an' proud to die for ould Oireland! Foire! ye base murdherer, to desthroy me the day I kem ashore!"

Matters were explained, and he apologized.

"Why didn't ye say ye wouldn't shoot? How would I know ye didn't have dynamite in yer box? Av its only the picthure av me mug you want, take it an' welkim. I'm no pig to be wantin' to kape a threasure hid from the wurruld."

In departing I explained to the group that I would present each one with a copy of his picture if their addresses were furnished, and a Babel of words followed me.

"Ah don't want a picture a. Ah want a dolla!"

"Sare, I am *comble de l'honneur*. I zank you, sare!"

"I'm vara muckle ableeged till ye. I'll tak' a dozen on the same tairms."

"Ov I don'd send you dot address, never mind; you send me dot bicture, ennyhow!"

"Faith! Amerika's a darlin' counthry! The best word I got at home was, Leve the way, ye vagabone! Here it is, Misther O'Ryan, will it plaze ye have yer picther taken, an' where'll we send it for ye?"

PHILIP DOUGLASS.

A DOKETOR'S DRUBBLES.

I YOUST to bin a doketor vonce,
  Vat koored all kints ov gases;
Und in my bragtis I have met
  A goot mainy *deaferent* fases.

Vor dwendy milse round vere I leved,
  De beeple vas gwite seekly;
Boud vonce a veek I galled arount,
  Und zo I vound um veekly.

Soam vas seek mit vone decease,
  Und soam dey had anoder,
Und soam you vooden't doght vood leve
  Vrom one ent do de oder.

Bud pooty soon I vound dot oud
  My bocket book was dhry,
Und also my oxpensays
  Vas runing oval high.

So I vent oud gollecting;
  Bud aifery vere I vent,
My batients vas oxhorseted, —
  Dey vas not vort a cendt.

Und I vent und seed vone men,
  He vas briefing hees preath lasht;
I doght de gwicker I got dot,
  De sooner it vas kashed.

So I showed de men hees node,
  Und I dold heem do pay;
Hees dime vas shoost up,
  Dot vos hees lasht tay.

Hees hands vas in each bocked,
  Und dots vy I doght so sdrange;
He died — und hees lasht vords vas,
  "I don'd veel ainy shange."

Und vone sed do me, "Doketor,
  Howefer can I pay?
You know dot I'm not aple —
  I'm *vailing* afery tay."

Und anoder vailer dold me,
  "Shoost valk you ride avay;
You got dot oll vat's due you
  Ven comes de shoodgment-tay."

I eshked vone men vor hees sheck,
  Id vas yoost pefore hees deadth;
But I vound he hadn't no dime,
  He vas drawing hees lasht breadth.

Und I found *dish vash* de drubble —
Een my kase ainy vay —
De beeple vot I doketored
Heddent *cents* enoff to bay.

You'f hurt dot goot old sayink,
Verein dot goot pook says —
I dink id combs out desewise —
"Soam rools ken vork bote vays."

Und so it ess mit de doketor;
Of he eshkt a man to bay,
Und he tails him, "I ken't do id,"
Hees shoor to die dot day.

I vent beck to my offus,
Veeling dired dru und dru;
Und togedder mit dese drubble
I vash med and shleeby doo.

I lade down on de sofy,
Und dried to haive a shnooze;
Bud een a doketors' offus,
Dot didn't vas no youse.

I hurt soam kolling, "Doketor!"
Und I run ub do my shbout,
Und dese vords vent his ears down:
"*Vat's de metter mit your mout?*"

Und den dot failer holleret, —
Hees woice vas shdrong und glear,
Und dese vords vent de shpout oop, —
"Dooce Dr. Sholtz leve hier?"

Und gwickly beck my an-swear
Dot shbout vas goin dro:
"Dr. Sholtz, dot vas my name, sir,
Vat vood you hev me doo?"

"Now let me eshk you doketor;
You shoore I'fe got dot righd?
Ish your name *Dr. Vriederick Sholtz?*"
Hee yelt mit oll hees nighd.

I doght dot men was crazy —
Oar meppy he vas dight.
I sed, "Yaas — 'tvas Doketor Vriederick Sholtz,
Vat you vant dese dime off nighd?"

Und I vas zo oxtonished,
Bud de naixt dings vat I hear,
Ven dot failer dold me, "Doketor,
How long hev you leefed hier?"

Un den I vas oxcited,
I felt yoost like a row;
I sed, "I'fe leefed hier dwendy years:
Vat you vant, ainyhow?"

Dot men he vas a villane,
Und dot's yoost vat I kin brove;
He singed oud to me lowdly,
"Vat's de reason you dond moofe?"

I run down dru de shdairvay,
Und oud into de shdreed;
Bud I only hurt de bavements
Klattering fashd agenshd hees feed.

I reely dink sooch ekshuns
Shoot not be oferlooked;
Of I kood kaitch dot failer —
Py cosh, hees coose vas kooked!

Now I vood say doo de doketors,
Yoost pefore id vas doo late,
Dond naifer loose your batients,
Und you'll suckseed fushtrate.

No metter vots de reason,
You naifer shood get vexed;
You may loose your bay in dese vorldt,
Bud you'll get id in de next.

GEORGE M. WARREN.

CHARLIE MACHREE.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree!
Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted, and dare not plunge in.
But the dark, rolling river, though deep as the sea,
I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me;
For stout is your back, and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.
Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree!
I see him! I see him! He's plunged in the tide!
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.
Oh! the dark, rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance of his bonnie blue e'e;
His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough, —
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now?
Ho, ho! foaming river, ye may roar as ye go;
But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below.
Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, *my* Charlie Machree!
He's sinking! he's sinking! Oh, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes, and ye're through.
He's sinking, oh, Heaven! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear:
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here!
He rises: I see him — five strokes, Charlie, mair —
He's shaking the wet from his bonnie brown hair;
He conquers the current, he gains on the sea.
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree!
Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree!
He's sinking! he's gone! O God! it is I,
It is I who have killed him! Help! help! — he must die.
Help! help! Ah! he rises! Strike out, and ye're free!
Ho, bravely done, Charlie, once more, now, for me!
Now cling to the rock, now give me your hand, —
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!
Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep:
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep.
Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me,
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

William J. Hoppin.

A DUTCHMAN'S DOLLY VARDEN.

Vell, mine freund, you know dat I hav on my het dat leedle bump der frenollogiggers say dat I hav great like for de ladies, aind it? Vell, I vas goin' down de shtreet der tay after yesterday, und ven I comes to der blace vat dey calls der corner, so der shtreet mit anoder shtreet makes a nice leetle cross oder der leetle saw-buck, you know vat dat is? So soon I comes to der blace, vot you tink? A nice leetle poy mit great many papers in der hand goes by, and shust so soon as he goes by he gifs me von leetle paper mitout notings. But it vas padder as vorse vot I took dot leetle paper, and den I goes and makes me von mineself von great pig fool. Vat you tink I on dot paper find, — you no guess dot in twelve tousand year. I dell you vot I see on dot. It vas like diss: "Come und see your Dolly Varden. She is lovely; she is putiful; she is rich! You can she hav for most notings." Den der leetle paper gives der number von der shtreet vare I could she find. It vas said Mr. Shteward, py Proatvay oud. So soon I reads dot petter as goot, mine heart makes me von pitty-pat, knock-knock. You know vat dat is. I no more knows vare I lif, oder var I vas goin'. Dolly Varden! She vas rich; she vas lovely; she vas putiful; und Dolly, dot vas shust so nice names, aind it? Und der leetle poy dat me dot paper gives, made he on dot paper say dot I can she hav for most notings. Der firsht ding vot mine eye come against vas von dose leetle shticks mit der great American flag round him, vot says dot dere viskers be taken off dere, und der hair be so bright and shining made, also der placking boots. Denn I goes right dere, und I pays dot man fifteen cent — fifteen cent! mind you dot! vile dot he make mine hair der vay vot I shpeak von. Den, mit mine het up, feeling dot I shust so pig as Carl Schurz, I goes after der shtreet for to git me mine Dolly Varden. I vonders so soon I comes to der blace und sees der pig shtore shop of Mister Shteward, vedder or not she owns all dot nice buildings. Anoder leetle poy opens dot door so nicely, unt he looks me in der face so shmilings dot I tinks praps it vos Dolly's brudder; und mine heart he goes so hot like fire; most like der pig, plazing Shecawgo fire. Und I says to der poy, so shweet I could, you know, "You hav der sister here, aint it?" Denn der poy he look me mit vonder, und he make

dot het go so, like dot. I shpeaks no more mit der poy, but I goes to der shtand, vare I sees von fine gentleman, und I says, "I vould dot young lady see, vot der leetle poy givs me paper von."—"Vot is dot?" says der shentlemans. Denn I says, "I vants mine Dolly Varden!" Und der man says, "Dolly Varden! come dis vay venn you blease." Und I follows dot man mit mine heart full von great tremblings unt joy put togedder, shust like der apple und meat in der mince-pie. Put vat is dot he do now? He go und show me a leetle piece von cloth, mit great many putiful color. Denn I say, "You nixverstay me. I no vant to see her dress. I vould see Dolly Varden she self." Dere goes more vunder donn der poy hat over der face von der shentlemans, und he say, "Dis is Dolly Varden." Denn I say, "Dolly Varden! Dolly Varden! Oh! I no vant such voomans as dot." Und mine mind runs vay mit mine het, unt mine het runs vay mit mine bodies, und mine bodies runs vay mit mine feet, und der shtore is vay on der odder side von me. Und ven I see again on der shtreet dot leetle poy I vould him pants make varm for dot he gif me so much heart-ache.

Und denn ven I tinks on vot I pees und vat I used to vas, I feels I trow fifteen cent avay mitout sufficient cause. Den I feels mit mineselfs so mad to trow avays fifteen cents — tree glass lager — for notinks, dat I go very queeck and trown mineself in de try-tock, till I vas vashit ashore mit a bar of soft-soap.

ANONYMOUS.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE FLEA-POWDER.

A FAVORITE COMIC RECITATION.

A FRENCHMAN once — so runs a certain ditty —
Had crossed the Straits to famous London city
To get a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.
But, lacking pupils, vain was all his skill:
His fortunes sank from low to lower still.
Until at last, — pathetic to relate, —
Poor monsieur landed at starvation's gate.

Standing one day beside a cook-shop door,
And gazing in, with aggravation sore,
He mused within himself what he should do
To fill his empty maw, and pocket too.
By nature shrewd, he soon contrived a plan,
And thus to execute it straight began.
A piece of common brick he quickly found,
And with a harder stone to powder ground;
Then wrapped the dust in many a dainty piece
Of paper, labelled "Poison for de Fleas,"
And sallied forth, his roguish trick to try,
To show his treasures, and to see who'd buy.
From street to street he cried with lusty yell,
"Here's grand and sovereign *flea-poudare* to sell!"
And fickle Fortune seemed to smile at last,
For soon a woman hailed him as he passed;
Struck a quick bargain with him for the lot,
And made him five crowns richer on the spot.
Our wight, encouraged by this ready sale,
Went into business on a larger scale;
And soon, throughout all London, scattered he
The "only genuine poudare for de flea."
Engaged one morning in his new vocation
Of mingled boasting and dissimulation,
He thought he heard himself in anger called;
And, sure enough, the self-same woman bawled —
In not a mild or very tender mood —
From the same window where before she stood.
"Hey, there," said she, "you Monsher Powder-man!
Escape my clutches now, sir, if you can.
I'll let you dirty, thieving Frenchmen know
That decent people won't be cheated so."
Then spoke monsieur, and heaved a saintly sigh,
With humble attitude and tearful eye:
"Ah, madame! s'il vous plait, attendez vous,
I vill dis leetle ting *explain* to you.
My poudare gran'! magnifique! why abuse him?
Aha! I show you *how to use him*,
First, you must wait until you *catch de flea;*
Den tickle he on de petite rib, you see;
And when he laugh — aha! he ope his throat;
Den *poke de poudare down!* — BEGAR! HE CHOKE."

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE SHEEP'S TROTTERS.

A CELEBRATED COMIC RECITATION.

A MONSIEUR from the Gallic shore,
Who, though not over-rich, wished to appear so,
Came over in a ship with friends a score —
Poor emigrants, whose wealth, good lack!
Dwelt only on their ragged backs —
Who thought him rich: they'd heard *him* oft declare so,
For he was proud as Satan's self,
And often bragged about his pelf;
And as a proof — the least
That he could give — he promised when on land,
At the first inn, in style so grand,
To give *a feast!*
The Frenchmen jumped at such an offer.
Monsieur did not forget his proffer;
But at the first hotel on shore,
They stopped to lodge and board.
The Frenchman ordered in his way
A dinner to be done that day;
But here occurred a grievous bore: —
Monsieur of English knew but little.
Tapps of French knew not a tittle.
In ordering dinner, therefore, 'tis no wonder
That they should make a blunder.
Whether the landlord knew, or no,
The sequel of my tale will show.
He blundered, and it cannot be denied,
To some small disadvantage on his side.
The order seemed immense to Boniface:
But more the expense, to him the greater fun;
For all that from the order he could trace,
Was, — "Messieur Bull, you lettee me have, I say,
Vich for vid cash, I sal you pay,
Fifteen of those vid vich the sheep do run!"
From which old Tapps could only understand
(But whether right or wrong, cared not a button),
That what monsieur desired, with air so grand,
Was fifteen legs of mutton!
"A dinner most enormous!" cried the elf.
"Zounds! each must eat a leg, near, to himself!"

However, they seemed a set of hungry curs;
And so, without more bother or demurs,
Tapps to his cook his orders soon expressed,
And fifteen legs of mutton quick were dressed.
And now around the table all elate,
The Frenchman's friends the dinner doth await.
Joy sparkled in each hungry urchin's eyes,
When they beheld, with glad surprise,
Tapps quick appear with leg of mutton hot,
Smoking, and just ejected from the pot!
Laughed, stared, and chuckled more and more,
When *two* they saw, then *three*, then *four!*
And then a *fifth* their eager glances blessed,
And then a *sixth*, larger than all the rest!
But soon the Frenchman's countenance did change,
To see the legs of mutton on the table.
Surprise and rage by turns
In his face burns,
While Tapps the table did arrange
As nice as he was able.
And while the Frenchmen for the feast prepared,
Thus, in a voice that quite the landlord scared,
Our hero said, —
"Mon Dieu, monsieur! vy for you make
Dis vera great blundare and mistake?
Vy for you bring to me dese mouton legs?"
Tapps with a bow his pardon begs: —
"I've done as you have ordered, sir," said he.
"Did you not order *fifteen legs* of me?
Six of which before your eyes appear,
And *nine besides* are nearly done down-stair!
Here, John!" — "Go, hang you, Jean! you fool! you ass!
You one great clown to bring me to dis pass:
Take vay dis meat, for vich I sall no pay.
I did no order dat." — "What's that you say?"
Tapps answered with a frown and with a stare,
"You ordered fifteen legs of me, I'll swear,
Or *fifteen things with which the sheep do run*,
Which *means the same:* — I'm not so easy done."
"Parbleu, monsieur! vy you no comprehend?
You may take back de legs unto de pot:
I telle you, sare, 'tis not de legs I vant,
But *dese here leetel tings vid vich de sheep do trot!*"

"Why, hang it!" cried the landlord in a rage,
Which monsieur vainly tried to assuage,
"Hang it!" said he, as to the door he totters:
"Now, after all the trouble that I took,
These legs of mutton both to buy and cook,
It seems instead of *fifteen legs*,
You merely wanted fifteen poor sheep's trotters!"

I VANT TO FLY.

A HUMOROUS RECITATION. — FRENCH DIALECT.

SHORTLY before the conclusion of the war with Napoleon, there were a number of French officers in an inland town on their parole of honor. Now, one gentleman being tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, etc., therefore, in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a-fishing. His host supplied him with rod and line, but, being in want of artificial flies, he went in search of a fishing-tackle maker's shop. Having found one, kept by a plain, painstaking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began: —

"Ah, Monsieur Anglais! comment vous portez-vous?"

"Eh! that's French," exclaimed the shopkeeper; "not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean."

"Bon, bon, ver good; den, sare, I sall tell you, I vant deux fly."

"I dare say you do, mounseer," replied the Englishman, "and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry; but I'm a true-born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it, particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here."

"Ah, monsieur, you no comprehend! I shall repeate, I vant deux fly, on the top of de vater."

"Oh! what, you want to fly by water, do you? then I'm sure I can't assist you; for we are at least a hundred miles from the seacoast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here."

"Diable! sare, you are un stup of the block. I sall tell you once seven times over again — I vant deux fly on the

top of de vater, to dingle dangle at the end of de long pole."

"Ay, ay! you only fly, mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you, I'll be hanged if they won't dingle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole."

"Sacre un de Dieu! la blas! vat you mean by dat, enfer diable? you are un bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba, you are effrontee, and I disgrace me to parley vid you! I tell you, sare, dat I vant deux fly on the top of de vater, to dingle dangle at the end of the long pole, to la trap poisson."

"What's that you say, you French mounseer — you'll lay a trap to poison me and all my family, because I won't assist you to escape? why, the like was never heard. Here, Betty, go for the constable."

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shopkeeper; and of course, it was not expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began: —

"What's all this? Betty has been telling me that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family! Ay, ay, I should like to catch him at it, that's all! Come, come to prison, you delinquent."

"No, sare, I sall not go to de prison; take me before de what you call it — de ting that nibble de grass?"

"Nibble grass? You mean sheep?"

"No, I mean de — de" —

"Oh, you mean the cow!"

"No, sare, not de cow; you stup Johnny bœuf — I mean de cheval, vat you ride. [Imitating.] Come, sare, gee up. Ah, ha!"

"Oh, now I know! you mean a horse."

"No, sare, I mean de horse's vife."

"What, the mare?"

"Oui, bon, yes, sare; take me to de mayor."

This request was complied with; and the French officer soon stood before the English magistrate, who, by chance, happened to be better informed than his neighbors, and thus explained the dilemma of the unfortunate Frenchman, to the satisfaction of all parties: —

"You have mistaken the intention of this honest gentleman: he did not want to fly the country, but to go a-fishing, and for that purpose went to your shop to purchase

two flies, by way of bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap la poisson. Poisson, in French, is fish."

"Why, ay," replied the shopkeeper, "that may be true, you are a scholard, and so you know better than I. Poison: in French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English roast beef."

THE FRENCHMAN'S MISTAKE.

FRENCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Not long since, a sober, middle-aged gentleman was quietly dozing in one of our railroad-trains, when his pleasant, drowsy meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sharp voice of the individual by his side. This was no less a personage than a dandified, hot-blooded, inquisitive Frenchman, who raised his hairy visage close to that of the gentleman he addressed.

"Pardonnez, sare; but vat you do viz ze pictair — *hein?*"

As he spoke, monsieur pointed to some beautiful steel-plate engravings in frames, which the quiet gentleman held in his lap, and which suited the fancy of the little French connoisseur precisely.

The quiet gentleman looked at the inquisitive foreigner with a scowl which he meant to be very forbidding, and made no reply. The Frenchman, nothing daunted, once more approached his hairy visage into that of his companion, and repeated the question: —

"Vat you do viz ze pictair — *hein?*"

"I am taking them to Salem," replied the quiet gentleman gruffly.

"Ha! you take 'em to sell 'em!" chimed in the shrill voice of the Frenchman. "I be glad of zat, by gar! I like ze pictair. I buy 'em of you, sare. How much you ask?"

"They are not for sale," replied the sleepy gentleman, more thoroughly awake, by the by, and not a little irritated.

"*Hein?*" grunted monsieur in astonishment. "Vat you say, sare?"

"I say I don't want to sell the pictures!" cried the other, at the top of his voice.

"By gar! *c'est drole!*" exclaimed the Frenchman, his eye beginning to flash with passion. "It is one strange circumstance, *parbleu!* I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair,

and you say you take 'em to sell 'em, and zen you vill not sell 'em! Vat you mean, sare — *hein?*"

"I mean what I say," replied the other sharply. "I don't want to sell the engravings, and I didn't say I did."

"*Morbleu!*" sputtered monsieur, in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of those of his fellow-travellers who were not already listening; "*morbleu!* you mean to say I 'ave not any ear? *Non*, monsieur, by gar I hear ver' well vat you tell me. You say you sell ze pictair. Is it because I one Frenchman, zat you will not sell me ze pictair?"

The irritated gentleman, hoping to rid himself of the annoyance, turned his back upon his assailant, and made no reply.

But monsieur was not to be put off thus. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the other, and, showing his small white teeth, exclaimed, —

"*Sacristie!* monsieur, zis is too muche. You've give me one insult, and I shall 'ave satisfaction." Still no reply. "By gar, monsieur," continued the Frenchman, "you are not one gentleman. I shall call you one *poltroon* — vat you call 'em? — coward!"

"What do you mean?" retorted the other, afraid the affair was beginning to get serious. "I haven't insulted you, sir."

"Pardonnez, monsieur; but it is one grand insult! In America, perhaps not; but in France, one blow your brains out."

"For what, pray?"

"For vat? *Parbleu!* you call me one *menteur* — how you speak 'em — liar? you call me one liar? you call me one liar?"

"Oh, no, sir! You misunderstood" —

"No, by gar! I've got ears. You say you vill sell ze pictair; and ven I tell you vat you say, you say ze contrarie — zat is not so!"

"But I didn't tell you I would sell the pictures," remonstrated the man with the engravings, beginning to feel alarmed at the passion manifested by the other. "You misunderstood" —

"I tell you no! It is not posseebl'! Ven I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair, vat you say?"

"I said I was taking them to Salem."

"Yes, *parbleu!*" exclaimed monsieur, more angry than ever: "you say you take 'em to sell 'em" —

"No, no!" interrupted the other, "not to *sell them*, but *Salem* — the city of Salem."

"Ze city of Sell 'em!" exclaimed the Frenchman, amid the roars of laughter that greeted his ears. "*Sacristie!* Zat is one grand mistake. Pardon, monsieur! *Que je suis bête!* Ze city of Sell 'em? Ha, ha! I vill remember zat, by gar!" And he stroked his mustache with his fingers, while the man with the engravings once more gave way to his drowsy inclinations.

"TWO TOLLAR?"

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

THERE was a slight blaze on the roof of a house on Russell Street a few days ago; and when the insurance adjusters went up to make their survey, they found that about two dollars would cover all the loss.

"Two tollar!" exclaimed the owner when he heard the decision — "I can't take no two tollar."

"But you see for yourself that a dozen shingles and an hour's work will make good all damages."

"Gentlemens, you doan' put me off like dot. Vhen my vhife finds dot ve vhas on fire, she screams boleece und murder, und falls down-shtairs. Vould you let your vhife fall down-shtairs for dot sum? If so, I goes home mit you und sees der fun."

"We do not insure husbands and wives, but buildings," was the reply.

"I know; but mein oldest poy, he runs for der fire-box, und falls a picket-fence-oafer, und breaks his good clothes all to pieces. Two tollar! Dot doan' bay me for goming oop here."

"Yes, but we can only pay for actual damages."

"Dot's all I vhant. Who stole my dog ven my house vhas on fire? Dot dog ish gone, und he vhas ten tollar wort."

"We didn't insure the dog."

"Und maybe you don't insure dem poys who set on der fence und called out, 'Dot ole Dutchman's red nose has set his house on fire!' Do you oxpect I take such sass like dot

for two tollar? Und vhen the firemens come here dey break mein clothes-line down mit der ladders, und dey spill wasser all oafer my carpets. Two tollar! Vhell, vhell! you go right avhay from here, und I takes dot old insurance bolicy und steps him into der mud!"

A FRENCHMAN ON MACBETH.

An enthusiastic French student of Shakspeare thus comments on the tragedy of Macbeth:—

"Ah! your Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! He is gr-r-aand — mysterieuse — sooblime! You 'ave reads ze Macabess — ze scene of Mossieu' Macabess vis ze Vitch — eh? Superb sublimitee! W'en he say to ze Vitch, 'Ar-r-roynt ye, Vitch!' she go away; but what she say when she go away? She say she will do s'omesing dat aves got no naame! Ah, ha! she say, 'I go, like ze r-r-aa-t vizout ze tail, but I'll do! I'll do!' W'at she do? Ah, haviola le graand, mysterieuse Mossieu' Shak-es-pier! She not say what she do!"

This was "grand," to be sure; but the prowess of Macbeth, in his "bout" with Macduff, awakens all the mercurial Frenchman's martial ardor:—

"Mossieu' Macabess, he see him come, clos' by: he say (proud empressement), 'Come-o-o-n, Mossieu' Macduffs, and d——d be he who first say enuffs!' Zen zey fi-i-ght-moche. Ah, ha! voila! Mossieu' Macabess, vis his br-r-ight r-r-apier, 'pink' him, vat you call, in his body. He 'ave gots mal d'estomac: he say, vis grand simplicite, 'Enoffs!' What for he say 'Enoffs'? 'Cause he got enoffs — plaanty: and he expire r-right away, mediately, pretty quick! Ah, mes amis, Mossieu' Shak-es-pier is rising man in La Belle France!"

ANONYMOUS.

LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

"I was born in Indiany," said a stranger lank and slim,
As us fellers in the restaurant was kind o' guyin' him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another pun'kin pie
And a extra cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his eye, —
"I was born in Indiany, more'n forty year ago;
And I hain't been back in twenty, and I'm workin' back'ards slow;

"But I've et in every restarunt 'twixt here and Santa Fee,
And I want to state, this coffee tastes like gittin' home to me!
"Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller, warmin' up,
A-speakin' 'crost a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup.
"When I seed yer sign out yender," he went on to uncle Jake, —
"'Come in and git some coffee like your mother used to make,' —
I thought of my old mother and the Posey-county farm,
And me a little kid agin', a-hangin' on her arm;
And she set the pot a-bilin', broke the eggs, and poured 'em in" —
And the feller kind o' halted with a trimble in his chin.
And uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back, and stood
As solemn, for a minute, as a undertaker would.

Then he sort o' turned, and tiptoed to'rds the kitchen-door; and next,
Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin' of her specs;
And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers out, "It's him!
Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't you know your mother, Jim?"
And the feller, as he grabbed her, says, "You bet I hain't forgot."
But, wipin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty hot."

James Whitcomb Riley, in New-York Mercury.

JOHN CHINAMAN'S PROTEST.

MELICAN man no wantee John Chinaman ally mo':
He no slay, "John, you velly good washee."
Not muchee: he slay, "John, I wipee flo'
Withee you if mo' comee this countlee."
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he no gettee dlunk heap:
He mind his own washee, washee,
Alle dayee long, and takee sleep,
Boil watel fo' — wat you call him? — oh, hashee!
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he no punchee head much;
He no, like Melican man, say "Hellee!"
He usee sloap, watel, sclubbin'-blush,
Ebly dayee to help fillee bellee.
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he vellee pool man;
He no have timee to fool away;
He workee allee dayee fast he can:
He no workee, he no gettee pay.
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman no loafee lound the sleets;
He workee hald fo' makee livin':
He washee collals, shirtee, cuffee, sheets;
He do no beggin' or no t'iefin.
What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

John Chinaman he havee no votee:
Is that leason why he no wantee here?
He no go lound 'lection day, and shoutee,
Fightee evelybody smokee cigal, or dlink beer.

What fo'
Melican man
No wantee
John Chinaman
Ally mo'?

M. F. D.

THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," — said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline, —
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered; "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so, that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled; and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss, —
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine:
And your lips, stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee, —
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS.

EL DORADO, 1851.

I'VE jest bin down ter Thompson's, boys,
'N' feelin' kind o' blue,
I thought I'd look in at "The Ranch,"
Ter find out what wuz new;
When I seen this sign a-hangin'
On a shanty by the lake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

I've seen a grizzly show his teeth;
I've seen Kentucky Pete
Draw out his shooter, 'n' advise
A "tenderfoot" ter treat;
But nothin' ever tuk me down
'N' made my benders shake,
Like that sign about the doughnuts
That my mother used ter make.

A sort o' mist shut out the ranch;
'N' standin' thar instead,
I seen an old white farmhouse,
With its doors all painted red.
A whiff came through the open door—
Wuz I sleepin', or awake?
The smell wuz that of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

The bees wuz hummin' round the porch,
Whar honeysuckles grew;
A yellow dish of apple-sass
Wuz sittin' thar in view;
'N' on the table, by the stove,
An old-time "johnny-cake,"
'N' a platter full of doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

A patient form I seemed ter see,
In tidy dress of black:
I almost thought I heard the words,
"When will my boy come back?"
'N' then — the old sign creaked; but now
It was the boss who spake:
"Here's whar yer gets yer doughnuts
Like yer mother used ter make."

Well, boys, that kind o' broke me up;
'N' ez I've struck pay gravel,
I ruther think I'll pack my kit,
Vamose the ranch, 'n' travel.
I'll make the old folks jubilant;
'N' if I don't mistake,
I'll try some o' them doughnuts
Like my mother used ter make.

Charles Fallen Adams.

OVER THE LEFT.

THEIR deposits were *left over night* in the bank, —
In a bank without whisper of fault:
The amounts to their credit were placed on the books,
And were left over night in the vault.

To their credit, I say it, the bank was locked tight,
Guarding thus against fire and theft;
A patrol on the walk, and a new 'lectric light,
Throwing beams to the *right* and the *left*.

. . . . . .

Just here the cashier he *left over night*,
Taking all but the house and the soil;
And the *long* and the *short* of the story is this, —
He was *too long* of stocks — *short* of oil.

A receiver was called, and he looked o'er the wreck,
And *received* those who called — thus bereft.
"*Have you nothing left over?*" they timidly ask:
He answers, "*Yes, over the left.*"

W. C. Dornin.

A JOLLY FAT FRIAR.

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor good store,
And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
And he sat with his face at the crupper.
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse,
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle,
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse
While I was engaged at the bottle,
Which went gluggity, gluggity — glug — glug — glug."

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
'Twas the friar's road home straight and level;
But when spurred a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scampered due north like the devil.
"This new mode of docking," the friar then said,
"I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill;
And 'tis cheap — for he never can eat off his head
While I am engaged at the bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity — glug — glug — glug."

The steed made a stop — in a pond he had got:
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange, headless horses should trot;
But to drink with their tails is amazing!"
Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,
In the pond fell this son of a pottle.
Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his nose;
I wish I were over a bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity — glug — glug — glug."

ANONYMOUS.

THE ENOCH OF CALAVERAS.

"WELL, dog my cats! Say, stranger,
You must have travelled far!
Just flood your lower level
And light a fresh cigar.

Don't tell me in this weather!
You hoofed it all the way?
Well, slice my liver lengthwise!
Why, stranger, what's to pay?

"Huntin' yer wife, you tell me:
Well, now dog-gone my skin!
She thought you dead and buried
And then bestowed her fin
Upon another fellow!
Just put it here, old pard!
Some fellows strike the soft things,
But you have hit it hard.

"I'm right onto your feelin's,
I know how it would be,
If my own shrub slopped over
And got away from me.
Say, stranger; that old sage hen,
That's cookin' thar inside,
Is warranted the finest wool,
And just a square yard wide.

"I wouldn't hurt yer, pardner,
But I tell *you*, no man
Was ever blessed as I am
With that old pelican.
It's goin' on some two year
Since she was j'ined to me,
She was a widder prior,
Her name was Sophy Lee —

"Good God! Old man, what's happened?
Her? She? Is that the one?
That's her? Your wife, you tell me?
Now reach down fer yer gun,
I never injured no man,
And no man me, but squealed,
And any one who takes her
Must do it d — d well heeled!

"Listen? Surely. Certainly
I'll let you look at her.
Peek through the door, she's in thar,
Is that your furnitur'?

Speak, man, quick! You're mistaken!
No! Yours! You recognize
My wife, your wife the same one?
The man who says so, lies!

"Don't mind what I say, pardner,
I'm not much on the gush,
But this thing comes down on me
Like fours upon a flush.
If that's your wife — hold — steady!
That bottle. Now, my coat,
She'll think me dead as you were.
My pipe. Thar. I'm afloat.

"But let me leave a message.
No; tell her that I died,
No, no; not that way, either,
Just tell her that I cried.
It don't rain much. Now, pardner,
Be to her what I've been.
Or by the God that hates you,
You'll see me back again!"

F. Bret Harte.

CURLY-HEAD.

What are yer askin', stranger, about that lock o' har
That's kep' so nice and keerful in the family Bible thar?
Wal, then, I don't mind tellin', seein' as yer wants ter know.
It's from the head of our baby. Yes, that's him. — Stand up, Joe.

Joe is our only baby, nigh on ter six foot tall;
And he'll be one-and-twenty comin' this next fall.
But he can't yet beat his daddy in the hay-field or the swales,
A-pitchin' on the wagon, or splittin' up the rails.

For I was a famous chopper, jest eighteen year ago,
When this strange thing happened, that came to me and Joe.
Curly-head we called him then, sir: his hair is curly yet,
But them long silky ringlets I never shall forget.

Them was tough times, stranger, when all around was new,
And all the kentry forests, with only "blazes" through.
We lived in the old log-house then, Sally and me and Joe,
In the old Black-river country, whar we made our clearin' show.

Wal, one day I was choppin' nigh to our cabin door,—
A day that I'll remember till kingdom come and more,—
And Curly-head was playin' around among the chips;
A beauty, if I do say it, with rosy cheeks and lips.

I don't know how it happened; but quicker'n I can tell,
Our Curly-head had stumbled, and lay thar whar he fell
On the log that I was choppin', with his yellow curls outspread;
And the heavy axe was fallin' right on his precious head;

The next thing, I knew nothin', and all was dark around.
When I come to, I was lyin' stretched out thar on the ground;
And Curly-head was callin', "O daddy, don't do so!"
I caught him to my bosom, my own dear little Joe.

All safe, sir. Not a sliver had touched his little head;
But one of his curls was lyin' thar on the log outspread.
It lay whar the axe was stickin', cut close by its sharpened edge;
And what then was my feelin's, per'aps, sir, you can jedge.

I took the little ringlet, and pressed it to my lips;
Then I kneeled down and prayed, sir, right thar on the chips.
We put it in the Bible, whar I often read to Joe,—
"The hairs of your head are numbered;" and, sir, I believe it's so.

B. S. Brooks.

WARNING TO WOMAN.

"JOHN," said Mrs. Sanscript to her husband one evening last week, "I've been reading the paper." — "That's nothin'," grunted John: "I've seen people before who read newspapers." — "Yes; but there are several things in the paper I can't understand." — "Then don't read 'em." — "What do they mean by the strike, John? What is a strike, anyhow?" — "A strike is where they have struck;" and Sanscript knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I don't grasp your meaning exactly," said Mrs. Sanscript, with a puzzled look. "Now, these strikers have stopped all the railroad-trains in the country. Why did they do it?" — "To prevent 'em from running." — "Yes, but why didn't they want trains to run?" — "Because they wanted more money for running them." — "Do they pay more for stopping trains than for running them?" — "No, you stupid woman!" — "Then why in the world did they stop 'em? why didn't they run more of 'em, or run 'em faster? Seems to me that would pay better." — "Mary Ann, you will never surround the problem." — "Maybe not, John. Some things are gotten up purposely to bother women. Now here is a column headed 'Base-Ball.' What is base-ball, John?" — "Don't you know what base-ball is? Happy woman! you have not lived in vain." — "Here it says that 'The Hartfords could not collar Cumming's curves.' What under the sun are Cumming's curves?" — "It's the way he delivers the ball." — "Is the ball chained?" — "No, you booby!" — "Then how does he deliver it?" — "I mean, pitches it." — "Oh! Now here it says Jones muffed a ball after a hard run. What was a ball doing after a hard run?" — "Hadn't you better confine your research to the obituary and marriage columns, Mary, with an occasional advertisement thrown in to vary the monotony?" — "Yes, but, John, I want to know! There's Mrs. Racket, over the way, who goes to all the base-ball games, and comes home to talk me blind about 'fly fouls,' 'base hits,' 'sky-scrapers,' and all those things. For heaven's sake, John, what is a sky-scraper?" — "Compose yourself, old woman. You are treading on dangerous ground; your feet are on slippery rocks, while raging billows roll beneath." — "Mercy on me! What do you mean?" — "I mean, my dear madam, that whenever a woman begins to pry about among three strikes, fair balls, base hits, daisy cutters, home

runs, and kindred subjects, she's in danger of being lost." — "Well, I confess I'm completely lost to know what this newspaper means when it says Addy stole a base, while the spectators applauded. Have we come to such a pass that society will applaud a theft? Why wasn't Addy arrested? Now here's Manning put out by Start, assisted by Carey, and I can't see that he did any thing wrong, either. Jemima Christopher! Here it says that Pike flew out. I don't believe a word of it. I never saw a man fly yet, and I won't believe it can be done till I see it with my own eyes. John, what makes these newspaper men lie so horribly?"

John was asleep; and Mrs. Sanscript turned gloomily, not to say sceptically, to the letter-list for information. Newspapers were not made for women.

AN EXCITING CONTEST.

We have doubts about the following story, which comes to us from the interior; but the author is responsible for what he says, and his name can be obtained upon application at this office.

Last winter two of my neighbors, Mr. Miller and Mr. Grant, lost their wives upon the same day; and both of the funerals took place three days afterwards, the interments being made at the cemetery about the same hour. As the two funeral parties were coming out of the burying-ground, Miller met Grant; and, clasping each other's hand, they indulged in a sympathetic squeeze, and the following conversation ensued: —

Miller. "I'm sorry for you. It's an unspeakable loss, isn't it?"

Grant. "Awful! She was the best woman that ever lived."

Miller. "She was, indeed. I never met her equal. She was a good wife to me."

Grant. "I was referring to my wife. There couldn't be two best, you know."

Miller. "Yes, I know. I know well enough that your wife couldn't hold a candle to mine."

Grant. "She couldn't, hey? Couldn't hold a candle! Why, she could dance all round Mrs. Miller every day in the week, including Sundays, and not half try! She was an unmitigated angel, take her any way you would."

Miller. "Oh! she was, was she? Well, I don't want to be personal; but if I owned a cross-eyed angel with red hair and no teeth, and as bony as an omnibus-horse, I'd kill her if she didn't die of her own accord. Dance!—how could a woman dance that had feet like candle-boxes, and lame at that?"

Grant. "Better be cross-eyed than wear the kind of a red nose that your wife flourished around this community. I bet it'll burn a hole through the coffin-lid. And you pretend you're sorry she's gone. But you can't impose on me: I know you're so glad you can hardly hold in. She was the chuckle-headedest woman that ever disgraced a graveyard: that's what *she* was."

Miller. "If you abuse my wife, I'll knock you down."

Grant. "I'd like to see you try it."

Then the two disconsolate widowers engaged in a hand-to-hand combat; and, after tussling a while in the snow, the mourners pulled them apart, just as Mr. Miller was about to insist upon his wife's virtues by biting off Mr. Grant's nose.

When they got home, Mr. Grant tied crape upon all his window-shutters to show how deeply he mourned; and, as Miller knew that his grief for Mrs. Miller was deeper, he not only decorated his shutters, but he fixed five yards of black bombazine on the bell-pull, and dressed his whole family in mourning. Then Grant determined that his duty to the departed was not to let himself be beaten by a man who couldn't feel any genuine sorrow: so he sewed a black flag on his lightning-rod, and festooned the front of his house with black alpaca.

Then Miller became excited; and he expressed his sense of bereavement by painting his dwelling black, and by putting up a monument to Mrs. Miller in his front-yard. Grant thereupon stained his yellow horse with lampblack, tied crape to his cow's horn, daubed his dog with ink, and began to wipe his nose on a black handkerchief. As soon as Miller saw these proceedings, he spread a layer of charcoal all over his front-yard, he assumed a black shirt, he corked the faces of his family when they went to church, and he hired a colored man to stand on his steps and cry for twelve hours every day. Just as Grant was about to see this, and go it one better, he encountered Miss Lang, a young lady from the city; and in a couple of weeks they were engaged. Then he began to take in the evidences of his grief; and this

made Miller so mad, that he went around and proposed to Miss Jones, an old maid who never had an offer before. She accepted him on the spot; and they were married the day before Grant's wedding, which so disgusted him that he would have given up Lang if she hadn't threatened him with a suit for breach of promise. There is peace between the two families now; but, when Mrs. Miller gets on the rampage sometimes, Mr. Miller mourns for his first wife more than ever.

A LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Admiring my flowers, sir? P'raps you'd step inside the gate, and walk round my little place? It ain't big, but there's plenty of variety, — violets and cabbages, roses and artichokes. Any one that didn't care for flowers 'ud be sure to find beauty in them young spring onions. People's ideas differ very much, there ain't a doubt of it. One man's very happy over a glass of whiskey and water, and another thinks every thing 'ud go straight in this 'ere world if we all drank tea and lemonade. And it's right enough: it keeps things even. We should have the world a very one-sided affair if everybody pulled the same way. Philosopher, am I? Well, I dunno. I've got a theory to be sure — every one has nowadays; and mine is, that there is a joke to be found in every mortal thing if only we look in the right place for it. But some people don't know how to look for it. Why, sir, if you'll believe it, I was talking to a man yesterday that couldn't see any thing to laugh at in the naval demonstration.

Am I independent? Well, I makes money by my fruit and vegetables, if that's what you mean. But there's so many ways of being independent. One man marries a woman with £20,000 a year, and calls that independence. Another votes on the strongest side, and calls that being independent. One takes up every new-fangled idea that comes out, and says he's independent. Some calls impudence independence. There's not a name as fits so many different articles. No! I've never bin married. Somehow, I don't think married men see the fun in every thing same as single ones. I don't mean to be disrespectful to the ladies, but I do think they enjoy a good cry more than a good

laugh. Was I ever in love? and did I laugh then? Why, yes, never laughed heartier in my life. It's a good many years ago now. I was living in lodgings down Clerkenwell way, and the landlady's daughter was as pretty a creature as ever you see, bright and cheery, like a robin, when first I knew her. But, by and by, she grew pale and peaky, — used to go about the house without singing, and had such big, sad-looking eyes. Her home wasn't a particularly happy one, for her mother was a nagger. Perhaps you've never come across a woman of that pertikler character. Well, then, you should say double the prayers of ordinary people; for you've much to be thankful for. I never looked at her without feeling that her husband must have been very happy indeed when he got to heaven. I sometimes think, sir, that women of this sort might be made use of, and prisons, and all other kind of punishment, done away with: perhaps, though, the lunatic asylums 'ud get too full.

Well, I grew to be quite intimate with Bessie; and one evening, I don't know how it was, she told me all her troubles. She was engaged to a young man; and her mother wouldn't consent to them marrying, and was always worrying her to break it off. I asked her if there were any thing against him. Nothing, except that her mother had taken a dislike to him: he wasn't very strong, but he was the best, cleverest, dearest fellow that ever lived. All the time she was talking I felt a gnawing sort of pain somewhere in my inside. First, I thought I must be hungry; but, when I came to eat, all my food seemed to get in my throat, and stick there. This won't do, old fellow, thinks I: there must be a joke to be got out of it somewhere. So I set to consider; and there, clear enough, it was. Why, the joke 'ud be to let Bessie marry her young man, and see the pretty cheeks grow round and pink again. But how to do it, there was the rub. I began to cultivate the old lady's society with a view to finding out her weak point: for, being a woman, of course she had a weak point; and, being a very ugly woman, what do you think it was? Why, vanity, to be sure. I soon noticed a change in her. She took her hair out of paper every day, instead of only on Sundays, as she had been used to do; and she put on a clean cap sometimes, and smirked whenever I passed her. Why, here's a bigger joke than I bargained for, thinks I! While I've been studying the woman to find out her weak point, she thinks I've been admiring her. But

I soon saw what use I could make of this. I went down into the kitchen when she wasn't busy, — I knew it would be rather too hot other times, — and I got talking about Bessie. "It's strange," I says, "that a fine-looking girl like that shouldn't have a sweetheart. Things was different when you was younger, I'll be bound."

"As for that," says she, "Bessie has a sweetheart; but I don't approve of him. He's not exactly the sort of man I expected for her."

"But, lor'," I says, "you wouldn't go and keep that girl single! Think what harm you may do yourself. You can't be so cruel as to give up all idea of marrying agin! Why, you don't look forty." That wasn't an untruth, for she looked fifty. She tossed her head, and told me to go along. I didn't go along. I says, "There's no doubt lots of young fellows 'ud be glad enough of a good-looking wife like you, but mightn't care for a daughter as old as Miss Bessie." This seemed to strike her very much. I followed it up, got talking to her day after day, and always led the conversation to the same point. At last one day when I came home from work, she says, "It's all settled. Bessie's going to be married, and her Tom's coming here this evening." Then I went up to my own room, and laughed till I cried. Presently I heard the little girl run up-stairs as she hadn't run for many a long day, and I knew she'd gone to put on a smart ribbon for Tom's sake. She tapped at my door as she passed. Would I come down? somebody was there, and wanted to know me. I called out that I was busy, and couldn't come; and she went away. But after about an hour she came again. I was sitting in the dark, thinking of a good many things; and before I had time to speak she was down on her knees beside me, and hiding her face.

"You told me you were busy," she said; "and here you are all in the dark and cold, and I can't bear any one to be dull or lonely to-night, because I'm so very, very happy. And I know it's all through you. Mother would never have given in of her own accord. You've always been my friend when I wanted one very badly; and now you must be angry with me, or you wouldn't stay away to-night. And you won't even speak to me. Oh, whatever I've done to vex you, don't think of it any more!"

She nestled up to me so close that her hair touched my coat-sleeve, and her pretty eyes looked up all swimming

with tears. I ground my teeth, and clinched my hands, or — or I don't know what I mightn't ha' done. You see the joke of this, sir, don't you? Here was the girl crying, and asking me to forgive her, and like her a little; and there was I — not disliking her a bit all the time. Ha, ha, ha! I had a hearty laugh at her, and hurried with her down-stairs, and was introduced to Tom, and I talked to the old lady, and drank the young people's health, and was as happy as possible. And on the wedding-day I gave her away as if I had been her father; and I sang a song and danced: and, when the time came for Bessie to go away with her husband, I dried her eyes; for at the last moment the tender-hearted little thing broke down, and cried, and kissed us all, and asked her mother not to feel angry with her for leaving her all alone; and then the mother cried, and what with having so many eyes to wipe, I found myself wiping my own just as if it all weren't a tremendous joke.

How have they got on since? 'Bout as well as most people, I suppose: she loves him, and takes care of him. And the mother's softened down a bit since she's bin a grandmother. And as to my godson, there never was such a boy. I have him with me as much as possible, and he's beginning to see the joke of every thing almost as much as I do myself. And when I die, all this little place'll belong to him, and he'll be a rich man: so my death'll be the biggest joke of all, you see, sir.

IN DER SHWEED LONG AGO.

In der shweed long ago I dinked I vas shmard,
  Und I dinked I did vant me a vife
To share all my money und sorrows und joys,
  Und to helb me along drough my life.
I vanted a lady kind-hearted und goot,
  Dot vas handsome und sensiple doo,
Dot cood blay der biano or cook a beefshdeak,
  Darn my shdockings or made me a shdew.

She must nod be doo shmall-seized or neider doo dall,
  Und she musn'd be old or doo young,
Und ven I vas shboking had visdom enuff
  To alwoys kebd quied her tongue.

She musd nod be doo dark or agin be doo lighd —
A kinder bedwixed und bedween;
She musd nod knew doo leedle, or vorse, knew it all,
Or be vat some beebles call "creen."

She musd be good-nadured, vear always a shmile,
No madder of dings did vent wrong;
Ven my friends came around for to make me a call,
Be ready to sung dem a song.
Of der lodge bisness habben'd to kebd me oud lade,
Und I come valdzing home "dighdly-shlighd,"
She musd pet und caress me, und dank her good shdars
Dot I didn'd shdaid apsend all nighd.

In a vord, be berfecd — mind, feature, und form —
From her feet to der crown of her head.
Now, dot vas der damsel dot I had in view,
Und der von I vas villing to ved.
Dot's a long dime ago, and my head dot vas pald,
And I vas a pachelor shdill.
My gal, I hafe nefer saw shkibbing round loose —
Vat's more, I don'd dink dot I vill.

OOFTY GOOFT.

DOT STUPPORN PONY.

I GROWT so ferry heffy
Dot too much de walkin' pe,
So I pyed me of von pony;
But dot pettler he sheat me.
Bote eyes of him was limpy,
Bote lecks of him vas plint;
But dot vot prake of me mine heart
Dot pony vas oonkint.

He keeck shust like a chackess,
Oop, town, pefore, pehint;
Und how to cure dot pony
I rollt oop in my mint.

Dot sympathee vas nonsense,
Shust efery dinks he preak;
Vhen sutton coomt von grant itee,
I tole you how I make:

I keetch him mit de shafters,
But — outsite in instet —
His het oop py dot vagon,
His dail vere vos his het.
Den — one, doo, tree — I schlag him.
Ach, himmel! how he keeck!
But vhen he fints he noddings stroock,
He stop dot pooty queeck.

Den looks he oop aschtountet,
Oxcited pooty pat;
Den sutten makes he backvarts,
Like as of he vas mat.
I laugh as I vas tying
Vhen I see him go dat vay;
Den on his haunch he stoomples town,
As he vas going to bray.

How schamt he look, vateffer!
I tole him vat I dinks;
Doo dears drop oud his eyepalls,
Mit grief his dail he vinks.
Arount all right I toorn him,
His het pefore him now,
Und streecks! — he trives as goot und kind
As he vas peen my frau!

HARRY WOODSON.

SPOOPENDYKE OPENING OYSTERS.

"My dear," queried Mr. Spoopendyke, "did you put those oysters on the cellar floor with the round shells down, as I told you to?"

"I did most of 'em," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Some of 'em wouldn't stay that way. They turned right over."

"Must have been extraordinary intelligent oysters," murmured Mr. Spoopendyke, eying her with suspicion. "Didn't any of 'em stand up on end, and ask for the morning paper, did they?"

"You know what I mean," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They tipped over sideways, and so I laid them on the flat shell."

"That's right," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You want to give an oyster his own way, or you'll hurt his feelings. Suppose you bring up some of those gifted oysters, and an oyster-knife, and we'll eat 'em."

Mrs. Spoopendyke hurried away, and pattered back with the feast duly set out on a tea-waiter, which she placed before Mr. Spoopendyke with a flourish.

"Now," said she, drawing up her sewing-chair, and resting her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her hands, "when you get all you want, you may open me some."

Mr. Spoopendyke whirled the knife around his head, and brought it down with a sharp crack. Then he clipped away at the end a moment, and jabbed at what he supposed was the opening. The knife slipped, and ploughed the bark off his thumb.

"Won't come open, won't ye?" he shouted, fetching it another lick, and jabbing away again. "Haven't completed your census of who's out here working at ye, have ye?" and he brought it another whack. "P'rhaps ye think I haven't fully made up my mind to inquire within, don't ye?" and he rammed the point of the knife at it, knocking the skin off his knuckles.

"That isn't the way to open an oyster," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Look here," roared Mr. Spoopendyke, turning fiercely on his wife. "Have you got any private understanding with this oyster? Has the oyster confided in you the particular way in which he wants to be opened?"

"No-o!" stammered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Only I thought"—

"This is no time for thought!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke, banging away at the edge of the shell. "This is the moment for battle; and if I've happened to catch this oyster during office hours, he's going to enter into relations with the undersigned. Come out, will ye?" he yelled, as the knife flew up his sleeve. "Maybe ye don't recognize the

voice of Spoopendyke. Come out, ye measly coward, before ye make an enemy of me for life!" and he belted away at the shell with the handle of the knife, and spattered mud like a dredging-machine.

"Let me get you a hammer to crack him with," recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke, hovering over her husband in great perturbation.

"Don't want any hammer," howled Mr. Spoopendyke, slamming around with his knife. "S'pose I'm going to use brute force on a measly fish that I could swallow alive if I could only get him out of his house? Open your measly premises!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke, stabbing at the oyster vindictively, and slicing his shirt-sleeve clear to the elbow. "Come forth, and enjoy the society of Spoopendyke!" And the worthy gentleman foamed at the mouth, and he sunk back in his chair, and contemplated his stubborn foe with glaring eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, radiant with a profound idea. "Crack him in the door."

"That's the scheme," grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, with horrible contortions of visage. "Fetch me the door. Set that door right before me on a plate. This oyster is going to stay here. If you think this oyster is going to enjoy any change of climate until he strikes the tropics of Spoopendyke, you don't know the domestic habits of shell-fish. Loose your hold!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, returning to the charge, and fetching the bivalve a prodigious whack. "Come into the outer world, where all is gay and beautiful. Come out, and let me introduce you to my wife." And Mr. Spoopendyke laid the oyster on the arm of his chair, and slugged him remorselessly.

"Wait," squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke: "here's one with his mouth open," and she pointed cautiously at a gaping oyster, who had evidently taken down the shutters to see what the row was about.

"Don't care a measly nickel with a hole in it," protested Mr. Spoopendyke, thoroughly impatient. "Here's one that's going to open his mouth, or the resurrection will find him still wrestling with the ostensible head of this family. Ow!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, having rammed the knife into the palm of his hand, slammed the oyster against the chimney-piece, where it was shattered, and danced around the room wriggling with wrath and agony.

"Never mind the oysters, dear," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, following him around, and trying to disengage his wounded hand from his armpit.

"Who's minding 'em?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, standing on one leg, and bending up double. "I tell ye that when I start to inflict discipline on a narrow-minded oyster that won't either accept an invitation or send regrets, he's going to mind me! Where's the oyster? Show me the oyster! Arraign the oyster!"

"Upon my word, you've opened him," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, picking up the smashed bivalve between the tips of her thumb and forefinger.

"Won't have him," sniffed Mr. Spoopendyke, eying the broken shell, and firing his defeated enemy into the grate. "If I can't go in the front-door of an oyster, I'm not going down the scuttle. That all comes of laying 'em on the flat shell," he continued, suddenly recollecting that his wife was to blame for the whole business. "Now you take the rest of 'em down, and lay 'em as I told you to."

"Yes, dear."

"And another time you want any oysters, you sit around in the cellar, and when they open their mouths you put sticks in. You hear?"

"Yes, dear."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke took the bivalves back, resolving that the next time they were in demand they would crawl out of their shells, and walk up-stairs arm in arm, before she would have any hand in the mutilation of her poor, dear, suffering husband by bringing them up herself.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

VILL'ST dou learn de deutsche Sprache?
Denn set it on your card,
Dat all de nouns have shenders,
Und de shenders all are hard;
Dere ish also dings called pronouns,
Vitch it's shoost ash vell to know;
Boot ach! de verbs, or timevords —
Dey'll vork you bitter voe.

Vill'st dou learn de deutsche Sprache ?
Den you allatag moost go
To sinfonies, sonatas,
Or an oritorio.
Vhen you dinks you knows 'pout musik
More ash any oder man,
Be sure de soul of Deutschland
Into your soul ish ran.

Vill'st dou learn de deutsche Sprache ?
Dou moost eat apout a peck
A veek of stinging sauerkraut,
Und sefen pounds of speck,
Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,
Und deuce knows vot in rum ;
Dish ish de only cerdain way
To make de accents coom.

Vill'st dou learn de deutsche Sprache ?
Brepare dein soul to shtand
Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt
In any oder land.
Till dou canst make parenteses
Intwisted — ohne zahl —
Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn ;
For a languashe ideal.

Vill'st dou learn de deutsche Sprache ?
Dou must mitout all fear
Trink efery tay an gallon dry
Of foamin' Sherman beer.
Und de more you trinks, pe certain
More Deutsche you'll surely pe ;
For Gambrinus is de Emperor
Of de whole of Shermany.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
Be sholly, brav, an' treu,
For dat veller is kein Deutscher
Who ish not a sholly poy,

Find out vot means Gemuthlichkeit,
  Und do it mitout fail,
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,
  A brick — gans Kreuzfidel.

Vill'st dou learn de deutsche Sprache?
  If a shendleman dou art,
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland
  Und get a schveetes heart,
From Schwabenland or Sachsen,
  Vhere now dis writer pees;
Und de bretty girls all wachsen
  Shoost like apples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,
  Denn, on de odder hand,
Take a blonde moustachiod lofer
  In de vine green Sherman land,
Und if you shoost kit married
  (Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),
You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch, mein Kind,
  Ash fast as you tesire.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

TAMMY'S PRIZE.

"AWA' wi' ye, Tammy man, awa' wi' ye to the schule, aye standin' haverin'," and the old shoemaker looked up through his tear-dimmed spectacles at his son, who was standing with his cap on and his book in his hand.

Tammy made a move to the door. "An' is't the truth, Tammy? and does the maister say't himsel'? Say't ower again."

The boy turned back, and stood looking on the ground.

"It wasna muckle he said, fayther. He just said, 'It'll be Tammy Rutherford that'll get the prize i' the coontin.'"

"He said you, did he?" said the old man, as if he had heard it for the first time, and not for the hundredth.

Again Tammy made a move for the door; and again the

fond father would have called him back, had not the school-bell at that instant rung out loud and clear.

"Ay, ay!" said he to himself, after his son had gone, "a right likely lad, and a credit to his fayther;" and he bent again to the shoe he was working at, though he could scarcely see it for the tears that started in his eyes.

The satisfied smile had not worn off his face when the figure of a stout woman appeared at the door. The shoemaker took off his spectacles, and wiped them, and then turned to the new-comer.

"A bra' day till ye, Mistress Knicht. An' hoo'll ye be keepin'?"

"Oh! brawly, Maister Rutherford. It's the sheen I've come aboot for my guidman; the auld anes are sare crackit."

"Aweel, mistress, the new anes'll be deen the morn. Set yersel' doon;" and, complying with this invitation, she sat down. "An' hoo's yere Sandie gettin' on at the schule, Mistress Knicht?"

"'Deed, noo ye speak on't, he's a sare loon; he'll niver look at's lessons."

"He winna be ha'in' ony o' the prizes, I'm thinkin' at that gate."

"Na, na; he'll niver bother his heed aboot them. But he's sayin' yer Tam'll ha'e the coontin' prize."

"Ye *dinna* say sae! Weel, that is news." And he looked up with ill-concealed pride. "The lad was talkin' o't himsel'; but 'deed I niver thocht on't. But there's nae sayin'."

"Aweel, guid-day to ye; and I'll look in the morn for the sheen."

"An' are they sayin' Tam'll ha'e a prize?" continued the old man.

"Ay, ay; the laddie was sayin' sae." And she went away.

The shoemaker seemed to have fallen on a pleasant train of thought; for he smiled away to himself, and occasionally picked up a boot, which he as soon let drop. Visions of Tammy's future greatness rose before his mind. Perhaps of too slight a fabric were they built; but he saw Tammy a great and honored man, and Tammy's father leaning on his son's greatness. . . .

"Presairve us a'! it's mair nor half-six!" (half-past five.) And he started up from his revery. "Schule'll hae been oot an 'oor, an' the laddie's no hame." And he got up, and moved towards the door. The sun was just sinking behind the horizon, and the light was dim in the village street.

He put up his hand to his eyes, and peered down in the direction of the school.

"What in a' the world's airth's keepin' him?" he muttered; and then turning round he stumbled through the darkness of his workshop to the little room behind. He filled an antiquated kettle, and set it on the fire. Then he went to the cupboard, and brought out half a loaf, some cheese, a brown teapot, and a mysterious parcel. He placed these on the table, and then gravely and carefully unrolled the little parcel, which turned out to be tea.

"Presairve us, I can niver min' whaur ye put the tea, or hoo muckle. It's an awfu' waicht on the min' to make tea."

His wife had died two years before; and his little son, with the assistance of a kindly neighbor, had managed to cook their humble meals. Porridge was their chief fare; but a cup of tea was taken as a luxury every evening.

"I'm jist some fear't about it. I'll waicht till Tammas comes in;" and he went out again to the door to see what news there was of his son.

The sun had completely disappeared now; and the village would have been quite dark had it not been for the light in the grocer's window, a few doors down.

The shoemaker leaned against his cottage, and tried to see if any one were in sight; but not a soul seemed about, although now and then a sound of laughter was borne up the street.

The door of his next neighbor's house was wide open. He looked in, and saw a woman standing at the fire, superintending some cooking operation, with her back to him.

"Is yer Jim in, mistress?"

"Na," she said, without turning her head. "He'll be doon at some o' his plays. He's nae been in frae the schule yet."

"It's the same wi' Tam. Losh! I'm wunnerin, what's keepin' him."

"Keepin' him, say ye? What wad keep a laddie?"

Half satisfied, the shoemaker went back to his house, and found the kettle singing merrily on the fire. He felt a little anxious. The boy was always home in good time. He crept round again to his neighbor's.

"I'm gettin' feart about him," he said: "he's niver been sae late's this."

"Hoot, awa' wi' ye! he'll be doon, maybe, at the bathin' wi' the lave, but I'll gang doon the village wi' ye, an' we'll soon fin' the laddie."

She hastily put her bonnet on her head, for the night air was cold, and they both stood together outside the cottage.

He clutched her arm. What was that? Through the still night air, along the dark street, came the sound of muffled feet and hushed voices, as of those who bore a burden. With blanched face the old man tried to speak, but he could not. A fearful thought came upon him. . . .

They are coming nearer. They are stopping and crowding together, and whispering low. The two listeners crept up to them; and there in the middle of the group lay Tammy dead — drowned.

With a loud shriek, "Tammy, my Tammy!" the old man fell down beside the body of his son.

They carried both in together into the little room behind the shop, and went out quietly, leaving one of their number who volunteered to stay all night.

The shoemaker soon revived. He sat down on one side of the fire, and the man who watched with him sat on the other. The kettle was soon on the fire, and he watched its steam rising with a half-interested indifference. Then at times he would seem to remember that something had happened; and he would creep to the side of the bed where the body lay, and gaze on the straight, handsome features and the bloodless cheeks, quiet and cold in death. "Tammy, my man; my ain Tammy, speak to me ance — jist ance — I'm awfu' lonesome-like." Then the watcher would lead him quietly to his seat by the fire; and there they sat the whole night long, till the stir of the outer world aroused them. . . .

The school is filled with happy, pleasant faces. The prize day has come. There stands the minister, looking very important, and the schoolmaster very excited. The prizes are all arranged on a table before the minister, and the forms for the prize-winners are before the table. And now every thing is ready. The minister begins by telling the parents present how he has examined the school, and found the children quite up to the mark; and then he addresses a few words to the children, winding up his remarks by telling them how at school he had thought that "multiplication is a vexation," &c., but that now he found the use of it. And then the children laughed, for they heard the same speech every year; but it made the excitement greater when they had the prizes to look at, as they shone on the table in their gorgeous gilding, during the speech. And now the schoolmaster is going to read out the prize-winners,

and the children are almost breathless with excitement, — you might have heard a pin drop, — when from the end of the room, a figure totters forward, the figure of an old man, white-headed, and with a strange, glassy look in his eye. He advances to where the children are sitting, and takes his place amongst them. Every one looks compassionately towards him, and women are drying their eyes with their aprons. The schoolmaster hesitates a moment, and looks at the minister. The minister nods to him, and he begins the list. It is with almost a saddened look that the children come to take their prizes, for they think of the sharp, bright, active playmate who was so lately with them; and they gaze timidly towards his father who sits in their midst.

"Thomas Rutherford," reads out the master, "gained the prize for arithmetic."

"I'll tak' Tam's prize for him. The laddie's na weel. He's awa'. I'll tak' it;" and the shoemaker moved hastily up to the table.

The minister handed him the book; and, silently taking it, he made his way to the door. . . .

A quiet old man moves listlessly about the village. He does nothing, but every one has a kind word for him. He never walks towards the river, but shudders when its name is mentioned. He sits in his workshop often, and looks up expectantly when he hears the joyous shout of the boys as they come out of school, and then a look of pain flits across his face. He has one treasure, — a book, which he keeps along with his family Bible, and he is never tired of reading through his blurred spectacles the words on the first page: —

BARNES SCHOOL.
FIRST CLASS.
PRIZE FOR ARITHMETIC
AWARDED TO
THOMAS RUTHERFORD.

THE SCOTCHMAN AT THE PLAY.

After paying our money at the door, never while I live and breathe will I forget what we saw and heard that night.

It just looks to me, by all the world, when I think on it, like a fairy dream. The place was crowded to the full; Maister Glen and me having nearly got our ribs dung in before we found a seat, the folks behind being obliged to mount the back benches to get a sight. Right to the forehand of us was a large green curtain, some five or six ells wide, a good deal the worse of the wear, having seen service through two-three summers: and just in the front of it were eight or ten penny candles stuck in a board fastened to the ground, to let us see the players' feet like, when they came on the stage; and even before they came on the stage; for, the curtain being scrimpit in length, we saw legs and sandals moving behind the scenes very neatly; while two blind fiddlers they had brought with them played the bonniest ye ever heard. 'Od! the very music was worth a sixpence of itself.

The place, as I said before, was choke-full, just to excess; so that one could scarcely breathe. Indeed, I never saw any part so crowded, not even at a tent-preaching when the Rev. Mr. Roarer was giving his discourses on the building of Solomon's Temple. We were obligated to have the windows opened for a mouthful of fresh air, the barn being as close as a baker's oven, my neighbor and me fanning our red faces with our hats to keep us cool; and, though all were half stewed, we certainly had the worst of it, the toddy we had taken having fermented the blood of our bodies into a perfect fever.

Just at the time that the two blind fiddlers were playing the "Downfall of Paris" a hand-bell rang, and up goes the green curtain; being hauled to the ceiling, as I observed with the tail of my eye, by a birkie at the side, that had hold of a rope. So, on the music stopping, and all becoming as still as that you might have heard a pin fall, in comes a decent old gentleman at his leisure, well powdered, with an old-fashioned coat on, waistcoat with flap-pockets, brown breeches with buckles at the knees, and silk stockings with red gushats on a blue ground. I never saw a man in such distress: he stamped about, and better stamped about, dadding the end of his staff on the ground, and imploring all the powers of heaven and earth to help him to find out his runaway daughter, that had decamped with some ne'er-do-weel loon of a half-pay captain, that keppit her in his arms from her bedroom-window, up two pair of stairs.

Every father and head of a family must have felt for a man in his situation, thus to be robbed of his dear bairn, and an only daughter too, as he told us over and over again, as the salt, salt tears ran gushing down his withered face, and he aye blew his nose on his clean calendered pocket-napkin. But, ye know, the thing was absurd to suppose that we should know any inkling about the matter, having never seen him or his daughter between the een before, and not kenning them by headmark: so, though we sympathized with him, as folks ought to do with a fellow-creature in affliction, we thought it best to hold our tongues, to see what might cast up better than he expected. So out he went stumping at the other side, determined, he said, to find them out, though he should follow them to the world's end, Johnny Groat's house, or something to that effect.

Hardly was his back turned, and almost before ye could cry Jack Robison, in comes the birkie and the very young lady the old gentleman described, arm-and-arm together, smoodging and laughing like daft. Dog on it! it was a shameless piece of business. As true as death, before all the crowd of folk, he put his arm round her waist, and called her his sweetheart, and love, and dearie, and darling, and every thing that is fine. If they had been courting in a close together on a Friday night, they could not have said more to one another, or gone greater lengths. I thought such shame to be an eye-witness to sic on-goings, that I was obliged at last to hold up my hat before my face, and look down; though, for all that, the young lad, to be such a blackguard as his conduct showed, was well enough faured, and had a good coat to his back, with double gilt buttons and fashionable lapels, to say little of a very well-made pair of buckskins, a thought the worse of the wear, to be sure, but which, if they had been well cleaned, would have looked almost as good as new. How they had come we never could learn, as we neither saw chaise nor gig; but, from his having spurs on his boots, it is more than likely that they had lighted at the back-door of the barn from a horse, she riding on a pad behind him, maybe, with her hand round his waist.

The father looked to be a rich old bool, both from his manner of speaking, and the rewards he seemed to offer for the apprehension of his daughter; but, to be sure, when so many of us were present that had an equal right to the

spullaie, it would not be a great deal, a thousand pounds, when divided. Still it was worth the looking after: so we just bidit a wee.

Things were brought to a bearing, howsoever, sooner than either themselves, I dare say, or anybody else present, seemed to have the least glimpse of: for, just in the middle of their fine goings-on, the sound of a coming foot was heard; and the lassie, taking guilt to her, cried out, "Hide me, hide me, for the sake of goodness! for yonder comes my old father!"

No sooner said than done. In he stappit her into a closet; and, after shutting the door on her, he sat down upon a chair, pretending to be asleep, in the twinkling of a walking-stick. The old father came bouncing in; and, seeing the fellow as sound as a top, he ran forward and gave him such a shake as if he would have shooken him all sundry; which soon made him open his eyes as fast as he had steeked them. After blackguarding the chield at no allowance, cursing him up hill and down dale, and calling him by every name but a gentleman, he held his staff over his crown, and, gripping him by the cuff of the neck, asked him, in a fierce tone, what he had made of his daughter. Never since I was born did I ever see such brazen-faced impudence! The rascal had the brass to say at once, that he had not seen word or wittens of the lassie for a month, though more than a hundred folk sitting in his company had beheld him dauting her with his arm round her jimpy waist not five minutes before. As a man, as a father, as an elder of our kirk, my corruption was raised; for I aye hated lying as a poor cowardly sin, and an inbreak on the Ten Commandments; and I found my neighbor, Mr. Glen, fidgeting on the seat as well as me. So I thought that whoever spoke first would have the best right to be entitled to the reward: whereupon, just as he was in the act of rising up, I took the word out of his mouth, saying, "Dinna believe him, auld gentleman; dinna believe him, friend: he's telling a parcel of lees. Never saw her for a month! It 's no worth arguing, or calling witnesses: just open that press-door, and ye'll see whether I 'm speaking truth or not!"

The old man stared, and looked dumfoundered; and the young one, instead of running forward with his double nieves to strike me, the only thing I was feared for, began a-laughing, as if I had done him a good turn. But never

since I had a being did I ever witness such an uproar and noise as immediately took place. The whole house was so glad that the scoundrel had been exposed, that they set up siccan a roar of laughter, and thumped away at siccan a rate at the boards with their feet, that at long and last, with pushing and fidgeting, clapping their hands, and holding their sides, down fell the place they call the gallery, all the folk in't being hurled topsy-turvy, headforemost, among the sawdust on the floor below; their guffawing soon being turned to howling, each one crying louder than another at the top note of their voices, "Murder! murder! hold off me! murder! my ribs are in! murder! I'm killed! I'm speechless!" and other lamentations to that effect: so that a rush to the door took place, in the which every thing was overturned; the door-keeper being wheeled away like wildfire; the furms stramped to pieces; the lights knocked out; and the two blind fiddlers dung headforemost over the stage, the bass-fiddle cracking like thunder at every bruise. Such tearing and swearing, and tumbling and squealing, was never witnessed in the memory of man since the building of Babel; legs being likely to be broken, sides staved in, eyes knocked out, and lives lost, — there being only one door, and that a small one: so that, when we had been carried off our feet that length, my wind was fairly gone; and a sick dwalm came over me, lights of all manner of colors, red, blue, green, and orange, dancing before me, that entirely deprived me of common sense; till, on opening my eyes in the dark, I found myself leaning with my broadside against the wall on the opposite side of the close. It was some time before I minded what had happened: so, dreading skaith, I found first the one arm, and then the other, to see if they were broken; syne my head; and finally both of my legs; but all, as well as I could discover, was skin-whole and scart-free. On perceiving this, my joy was without bounds, having a great notion that I had been killed on the spot. So I reached round my hand very thankfully to take out my pocket-napkin, to give my brow a wipe, when, lo and behold! the tail of my Sunday's coat was fairly off and away, docked by the hainch buttons.

So much for plays and play-actors, — the first and last, I trust in grace, that I shall ever see. But indeed I could expect no better, after the warning that Maister Wiggie had more than once given us from the pulpit on the subject.

Instead, therefore, of getting my grand reward for finding the old man's daughter, the whole covey of them, no better than a set of swindlers, took leg-bail, and made that very night a moonlight flitting; and Johnny Hammer, honest man, that had wrought from sunrise to sunset for two days, fitting up their place by contract, instead of being well paid for his trouble, as he deserved, got nothing left him but a ruckle of his own good deals, all dung to shivers.

AN IRISH LOVE-LETTER.

A SCENE FROM GEORGE M. BAKER'S NEW PLAY (FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY) IN THREE ACTS, ENTITLED "REBECCA'S TRIUMPH."

Characters: KATY, *an Irish servant*, GYP, *a colored girl*; DORA, *a young lady.*

(*Enter* KATY, *with a letter in her hand.*)

KATY (*turning letter over and over*). An' sure I got a love-lether frum Pàtsy; an' phat will I do wid it I dunno. I can't rade, and the misthress is away wid the company girls. How will I find out phat's inside it? It's bothered I am intirely.

(*Enter from* L., *through* C *door*, DORA.)

DORA. Ah, Katy! Is it ther yees are? Where's Mrs. Delaine's shawl? I see it. (*Goes towards window* R.)

KATY. If yees plase, Miss Dora, might I be after troubling yees?

DORA (*comes down*). Certainly, Katy. What's the trouble?

KATY. If yees plase, I have a lether.

DORA. From the ould counthry?

KATY. No, indade: it's from — it's from — sure you'll be afther laughin' if I tole yees.

DORA. Then you needn't tell me, Katy: I can guess. It's a love-letter.

KATY. An' who towld yees that?

DORA. Yourself, Katy, by the blushes on your cheeks and the sparkle in your eyes. You want me to read it for you?

KATY. If yees plase, Miss Dora. (*Hands letter.*)

DORA (*opening letter*). I shall learn all your secrets, Katy. Perhaps the young man would not like that.

KATY. Thin yees moight shkip the sacrets.

DORA (*laughs*). All right, Katy. (*Reads.*) "Lovely Katy."

KATY. That's me. Sure that's no sacret.

DORA (*reads*). "I take me pin in hand wid a bating heart, to till yees uv the sthrong wakeniss I have for yees."

KATY. Yees moight shkip that.

DORA (*reads*). "I have nather ate, dhrunk, nor slipt, for a wake."

KATY. Will, that jist accounts for the wakeniss.

DORA (*reads*). "Barrin' my thray males a day, an' me pipe an' tobacyer."

KATY. An' he wid the hearty appetite!

DORA (*reads*). "An' all me slapeliss nights are fill wid drames of yees, Katy mavourneen."

KATY. Sure he's the darlin'.

DORA (*reads*). "I have yees phortygraff nailed to the hid uv me bid; and ivery night, afther I've blown out the candle wid me fingers, I tak a good look at it, an' if ye'll belave me, there's not a dry thread in me eyes."

KATY. Sure he was alwus tinder-hearted.

DORA (*reads*). "If yees don't belave me, tak a good look at yees own face before yees open the lether, and see if I have not cause to wape."

KATY. Sure I ought to have known that before the lether came.

DORA (*reads*). "If yees foind these tinder loins blotted wid tears, it's all owing to the bad quality uv the ink, which has compilled me to pin this wid a pincil."

KATY. That's no mather.

DORA (*reads*). "If yees don't recave this lether, or can't rade it, niver moind; ye'll know that all that's in it is the truth, an' nades nather radin' or writin' to till the same. So name the day, Katy darlin', whin me single blissidniss is to exphire, an' the mathrimoonial noose shlipped over the hid of yees lovin' and consolin' PATSY DOLAN.

"P.S.—These last lines are the poethry uv love.

"SECOND P.S. — To be rid fhirst. I inclose a ring for yees finger, which same yees will find in me nixt lether." That's all, Katy. (*Hands back letter.*)

KATY. It's jist illigant. I'm obleeged to yees.

DORA (*takes shawl from chair*). Quite welcome, Katy. When you get ready to name the day, I'll answer it for you. But be quick, Katy; for the poor fellow will not live long on "only his thray males a day, an' his pipe an' tobacyer." (*Runs off* C. *to* L.)

KATY (*looks at letter*). Sure it's a darlin' lether, an' Patsy Dolan's a broth uv a bye.

Enter R., GYP.

GYP. Ah, dar you is, Katy! Whar's de misses? Whar's Miss Becky? Whar's eberybody?

KATY. In the garden, sure. Yees may coom in, if yees wipe yers fate.

GYP. Yas, indeed! How yer was? And how's Patsy Dolan?

KATY. He's will. I've jist recaved a lether from him.

GYP. Dat so? Dat's good! Lub-letters am bery consolin' to de flutterin' heart. Got a letter, hab you? S'pose you red it frough and frough.

KATY. Sure I can't rade at all, at all.

GYP. Dat so? Well, well! De ignoramance ob de foreign poperlation am distressin'.

KATY. Can you rade?

GYP. Read? What you take me for? How else could I debour de heaps and heaps ob lub-letters dat I constantly receibe from my adorers?

KATY (*aside*). Faith, I'd loike to hear Patsy's lether again. (*Aloud.*) Thin plase rade this for me. (*Hands letter.*)

GYP (*confused*). Wh-wh-what you take me fur? (*Aside.*) Golly! she cotch me den. (*Aloud.*) No, chile: dose tender confections am fur you alone, and dey shouldn't be composed to de world.

KATY. An' sure yees can't rade.

GYP. What's that? Can't read? (*Takes letter, and turns it round several times.*) Berry long letter. Want to hear it all?

KATY. Ivery word.

GYP (*aside*). Mussn't gib in. Spec dase all alike.

(*Aloud.*) Ob course, ob course. (*Pretends to read.*) "Lubliest ob your sexes."

KATY. Sure that's not there.

GYP (*shows letter*). See fur yerself, see fur yerself.

KATY. Go on wid the lether.

GYP. "Sublimest ob de fair sexes, dis am a whale ob tears. Dar ain't no sunshine of moonshine widout you."

KATY. That's not thrue at all, at all.

GYP (*shows letter*). Read it yerself, read yerself.

KATY. Go on wid the lether.

GYP. "De moon on de lake am beamin', de lubly sunflower perfumeries in de garden, de tuneful frogs meliferously warble in de riber, an' de breezes blow fro' de treeses; but my lub, my lub, whar, oh, whar am she?"

KATY. I don't belave—

GYP (*as before*). See fur yerself, see fur yerself!

KATY. Oh, quit yees talkin' an' talkin'. Go on wid the lether.

GYP. "My lub she isn't hansum,
My lub she isn't fair;
But to cook de beef and 'taters
Can't beat her anywhar."

Dat's potry, Katy, dat is; alwus find lots ob dat in lub-letters: it gibs dem a flabor.

KATY. I don't belave it's there.

GYP (*as before*). See fur yerself, see fur yerself!

KATY. Go on wid the lether.

GYP. Luf me see, wha was I? "Come rest on dis yere head your aching breast." Dey all got dat, Katy, an'—an' (*aside*), well, I'se jest puzzled fur more: guess we'll hab some more poetry (*aloud*) an'—an'—

"We'll dance all night till broad daylight,
An' go home with de girls in de morning."

KATY. It's no such thing! Yer desavin' me, so yees are! Me Patsy wouldn't go home wid the girls at all, at all.

GYP. See fur yerself, see fur yerself!

KATY (*snatching letter*). So I will. It's false and desateful yees are, for Miss Dora rid the lether, an'—an'—it was jist illegant, so it was: an' it's yersilf.—bad luck to the

loikes ov yees, whin yees can't rade! an' it's the blissid troth I'm tillin', — invintin' a bit uv blarney to make trouble betwane a poor girl an' her Patsy. Away wid yees!

[*Exit door* R.

GYP. Well, I guess she fooled me dat time. No use. Dar's alwus trubble interferin' in lub affairs, jest like domestic affairs: when man and wife am fighting, ef you try to be a messenger ob peace, ef you don't look out, you'll git de broomstick onto yer own head. [*Exit.*

YANKEE DIALECT RECITATIONS.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

BOARDS 50 CENTS . . . . . PAPER 30 CENTS.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Goin' Somewhere	*M. Quod*	5
Old Farmer Grey Gets Photographed,	*John H. Yates*	8
Speech of the Hon. Perverse Peabody on the Acquisition of Cuba		10
Widder Green's Last Words		13
Widow Stebbins on Homœopathy	*C. F. Adams*	14
Farmer Bent's Sheep-Washing		16
The Little Peach		17
Mr. Pickwick's Romantic Adventure with a Middle-aged Lady in Yellow Curl-Papers	*Dickens*	18
Goin' Home To-day	*W. M. Carleton*	24
Jakie on Watermelon Pickle		25
Putty and Varnish	*Josh Billings*	26
London Zoölogical Gardens		28
Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man	*Mark Twain*	29
The Old Ways and the New	*John H. Yates*	31
The Bumpkin's Courtship		33
The Ballad of the Oysterman	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	35
The Deck Hand and the Mule		36
A Lay of Real Life	*Thomas Hood*	37
Middlerib's Rheumatic Cure	*R. J. Burdette*	39
Two Fishers	*Harper's Weekly*	43
Jim Wolfe and the Cats	*Mark Twain*	44
Mr. Stiver's Horse	*J. M. Bailey*	46
Mosquitoes	*Kaleb Keating*	50
The City Man and the Setting Hen		51
The Owl Critic	*James T. Fields*	53
The Man with a Cold in His Head		54
Forcible Entry	*J. M. Bailey*	5
The Village Sewing Society		57
Yankee Courtship		59
The Patter of the Shingle		63
The Paper Don't Say		64
The Jonesville Singin' Quire	*Betsey Bobbitt*	65
The Knife-Grinder	*George Canning*	69
Malaria		70

		PAGE
The Story of the Bad Little Boy who Didn't Come to Grief	*Mark Twain*	72
Mr. Candle and His Second Wife	*Douglas Jerrold*	75
Mollie or Sadie		78
The Baffled Book Agent		79
She Would Be a Mason	*James C. Leighton*	80
The Loves of Lucinda	*Mark Melville*	83
Something Split		87
From the Sublime to the Ridiculous		88
A Howl in Rome	*Bill Nye*	89
Butterwick's Weakness		93
The Old Man Goes to Town	*J. G. Swinnerton*	95
Mr. Watkins Celebrates	*Detroit Press*	98
The Squire's Story	*John Phœnix*	99
The Conversion of Colonel Quagg	*George Augustus Sala,*	100
In the Surf		105
Variegated Dogs	*Peck*	107
Judge Pitman's Watch	*Max Adeler*	110
An Æsthetic Housekeeper		111
"Mebbe" Joe's True Fish Story		112
Aunt Sophronia Tabor at the Opera		114
The Village Choir	*Andre's Journal*	117
The Light From Over the Range		118
The Christening	*E. T. Corbett*	121
Mr. Covill Proves Mathematics	*J. M. Bailey*	123
Mary's Lamb on a New Principle		124
Address of Spottycus		125
Our Visitor, and What He Came For		128
In the Catacombs	*H. H. Ballard*	130
The Showman's Courtship	*A. Ward*	132
Clerical Wit		134
Greely's Ride	*Mark Twain*	135
No Yearning for the Beautiful	*Max Adeler*	138
A Very Naughty Little Girl's View of Life		141
Burdock's Goat		142
Awfully Lovely Philosophy		145
Aunt Parsons' Story	*Presbyterian Journal*	146
The National Game		151
A Disturbance in Church	*Max Adeler*	153
The Engineer's Story	*Eugene J. Hall*	155
The Judge's Search for a Waterfall	*Harper's Magazine*	156
The Railroad Crossing		158
Asking the Gov'nor		159
Intensely Utter	*Albany Chronicle*	162
The Way Astors Are Made	*J. M. Bailey*	164
A Mysterious Disappearance	*Dickens*	166

THE GRAND ARMY SPEAKER.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

BOARDS 50 CENTS . . . . . PAPER 30 CENTS.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
The Rescue	*John Brownjohn*	5
Decoration	*T. W. Higginson*	8
The Little Black-eyed Rebel	*Will Carleton*	9
The Palmetto and the Pine	*Mrs. Virginia L. French*	11
Battle Hymn	*Korner*	13
The Song of the Dying		14
By the Alma River	*Miss Mulock*	15
At the Soldiers' Graves	*Robert Collyer*	17
The Sergeant of the Fiftieth		18
The Minute-men of '75	*George William Curtis*	19
Blue and Gray		21
Custer's Last Charge	*Frederick Whittaker*	23
The Pride of Battery B	*F. H. Gassaway*	25
The Cavalry Charge	*F. A. Durivage*	27
The Last Redoubt		28
Kelly's Ferry	*Benjamin F. Taylor*	30
Noble Revenge		34
Civil War	*Anonymous*	35
"Dashing Rod," Trooper	*S. Conant Foster*	36
The Tramp of Shiloh	*Joaquin Miller*	38
The Sharpshooter's Miss	*Frank H. Gassaway*	40
The Fight at Lookout	*R. L. Cary, jun.*	44
The Countersign was "Mary"	*Margaret Eytinge*	46
A Second Review of the Grand Army	*Bret Harte*	47
The Bivouac of the Dead		49
The Tramp	*George M. Baker*	52
The Canteen		55
The Charge by the Ford		56
Harry Brandon	*Edmund E. Price*	58
Post Number Three	*Sherman D. Richardson*	59
The Patriot Spy	*F. M. Finch*	62
The Dandy Fifth	*Frank H. Gassaway*	63
The American Flag	*Joseph Rodman Drake*	66
Somebody's Darling	*Anonymous*	68
"Little Potter's" Story		69

		PAGE
The Bravest Boy in Town	*Emma Huntington Nason*	71
Our Folks	*Ethel Lynn*	74
"Picciola"		76
"Fall in"	*Mary Clemmer*	78
"The Boys who Never Got Home,"	*George W. Peck*	79
Abraham Lincoln and the Poor Woman		80
Elizabeth Zane	*John S. Adams*	82
Keenan's Charge		84
The Old Canteen		86
Mobile Bay		88
Ravenswood's Oath	*A. Wallace Thaxter*	90
The Story of the Swords	*Adelaide Cilley Waldron*	91
"Only a Crippled Soldier!"	*J. Russell Fisher*	93
Somebody's Pride	*Clement Scott*	97
My Wife and Child	*Henry Rootes Jackson*	98
The Song of the Drum	*I. E. Diekenga*	99
"Bay Billy"	*Frank H. Gassaway*	102
Sheridan's Ride		106
"Them Yankee Blankits"	*Samuel W. Small*	108
The Soldiers' Monument	*John L. Swift*	110
The Crutch in the Corner	*John McIntosh*	112
Roll-call		113
The Cruise of the Monitor	*George M. Baker*	115
Missing		117
Decoration Day	*Mary Bassett Hussey*	118
Back from the War	*T. De Witt Talmage*	120
A Piece of Bunting	*Hon. F. W. Palmer*	121
Grant's Strategy	*Judge Veazey*	123
The Charge at Valley Maloy		124
The Hero-woman	*George Lippard*	126
Union of Blue and Gray	*Paul H. Hayne*	130
After "Taps"	*Horace Binney Sargent*	131
The Soldier's Reprieve	*Rosa Hartwick Thorpe*	133
At Arlington	*James R. Randall*	135
The Man with the Musket	*H. S. Taylor*	137
A Baby Peacemaker	*Herbert W. Collingwood*	138
The Veterans	*General Sherman*	141
Barbara Frietchie	*Whittier*	142
What Saved the Union		144
Re-enlisted	*Lucy Larcom*	145
The Soldier's Dream	*C. G. Fall*	147

IRISH DIALECT RECITATIONS.

Edited by GEORGE M. BAKER.

BOARDS 50 CENTS . . . . . PAPER 30 CENTS.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
How Teddy Saved His Bacon		5
Mr. O'Hoolahan's Mistake		7
The Last of the Sarpints		9
The Irish Boy and the Priest		11
An Irish Wake		12
Biddy's Philosophy	*R. H. Stoddard*	14
Reflections on the Needle	*Cormac O'Leary*	15
The Red O'Neil	*Thomas S. Collier*	16
Deaf and Dumb	*Anna F. Burnham*	20
Mr. Murphy Explains His Son's Conduct		21
A Ram for Ould Oireland		22
The Gridiron	*William B. Fowle*	23
The "O'Meara Consolidated"	*Va. City Enterprise*	26
Paddy's Metamorphosis	*Moore*	28
The Widow O'Shane's Rent		29
Why Biddy and Pat Got Married		30
Don Squixet's Ghost	*Harry Bolingbroke*	31
Mr. O'Gallagher's Three Roads to Learning	*Captain Marryat*	33
Two Irish Idyls	*Alfred Perceval Graves,*	37
The Broken Pitcher		39
Paddy's Excelsior	*Harper's Magazine*	40
The Irish Philosopher		41
Mary Maloney's Philosophy	*Philadelphia Bulletin,*	42
Bridget McRae's Wedding Anniversary	*Nina Gray*	44
Paddy O'Rafther	*Samuel Lover*	45
Pat's Reason		47
O'Branigan's Drill	*W. W. Fink*	47
Pat and the Pig		48
Pat and the Oysters		50
A Penitent	*Margaret Eytinge*	51
Mike McGaffaty's Dog	*Mark Melville*	51
Jimmy Butler and the Owl		53
Tipperary		56
Pat's Dream of Heaven		58
Biddy's Troubles		61

		PAGE
Make It Four, Yer Honor		62
The Post-Boy	*Mrs C. J. Despard*	64
That Fire at the Nolans'	*Life*	67
Ninety-Eight		70
Pat's Boudsman	*Lilian A. Moulton*	71
Washee, Washee	*Joaquin Miller*	73
Annie's Ticket		74
O'Thello	*Harper's Magazine*	76
Lanty Leary	*Samuel Lover*	77
Katie's Answer		78
Paddy's Dream		79
Lessons in Cookery	*Detroit Free Press*	80
The Irish Traveller		82
Teddy's Six Bulls		82
A Miracle	*Charles H. Webber*	84
Pat and Miss Skitty	*Bessie Bently*	84
At the Rising of the Moon	*Leo Casey*	86
The Irish Schoolmaster		87
How Dennis Took the Pledge		89
When McGue Puts the Baby to Sleep		90
The Confession	*Samuel Lover*	91
Father Phil's Collection	*Samuel Lover*	92
St. Patrick's Martyrs		100
Pat's Correspondence	*W. M. Giffin*	102
Little Pat and the Parson		104
Patrick O'Rouke and the Frogs	*George W. Bungay*	105
Widow Malone	*Charles Lever*	108
The Birth of St. Patrick	*Samuel Lover*	109
Murphy's Mystery of the Pork Barrel		110
Paddy Blake's Echo	*Samuel Lover*	111
A Cook of the Period		112
Larry's on the Force	*Irwin Russell*	113
Pat and the Frogs	*R. M. T.*	114
Paddy's Courting	*W. A. Eaton*	116
A Bit of Gossip	*Josephine Pollard*	118
Paddy and His Pig		120
Teddy McGuire and Paddy O'Flynn	*Amanda T. Jones*	121
Paudeen O'Rafferty's Say-Voyage		125
Irish Astronomy	*Charles G. Halpine*	128
Paddy McGrath's Introduction to Mr. Bruin		129
Larrie O'Dee	*W. W. Fink*	131
Irish Coquetry		132

FOR SCHOOL EXERCISES AND EXHIBITIONS.

PARLOR VARIETIES (Part III.). Plays, Pantomimes, Charades. By Olivia Lovell Wilson. Containing nineteen bright and witty entertainments for amateur actors. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

PARLOR VARIETIES (Part I.). Plays, Pantomimes, and Charades. By Emma E. Brewster. 16mo. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

PARLOR VARIETIES (Part II.). Tableaux, Dialogues, Pantomimes, etc. By Emma E. Brewster and Lizzie B. Scribner. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

A BAKER'S DOZEN. Humorous Dialogues. Containing thirteen popular pieces. Seven for male characters; six for female characters. Boards, 60 cents.

THE GLOBE DRAMA. A new collection of original Dramas and Comedies. By George M. Baker. Author of Amateur Dramas, etc. Illustrated. $1.50.

BALLADS IN BLACK. By F. E. Chase and J. F. Goodridge. A Series of Original Readings, to be produced as *Shadow Pantomimes*. With full directions for representation, by F. E. Chase. Illustrated with fifty full-page Silhouettes, by J. F. Goodridge; containing the following Pantomimes: Drink, Driggs and his Drouble, Orpheus the Organ-Grinder, Anonymous, Cinderella, In Pawn. Price in boards, illustrated cover, oblong, $1.00; each ballad separate, in paper, 25 cents.

THE BOOK OF ELOQUENCE. A Collection of Extracts, in Prose and Verse, from the most famous Orators and Poets. New edition. By Charles Dudley Warner. Cloth, $1.50.

DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS. For schools and home amusement. Selected and arranged by W. Eliot Fette, A.M. First Series, Illustrated. Cloth, $1.00. Second Series, Illustrated. Cloth, $1.00.
The Dialogues in the above books are selected from the best points of the stories, and can be extended by taking several scenes together.

SOCIAL CHARADES AND PARLOR OPERA. By M. T. Calder. Containing Operas, Charades, with Popular Tunes. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

POETICAL DRAMAS. For home and school. By Mary S. Cobb. Containing Short Poetical and Sacred Dramas, suitable for Sunday-school entertainments, etc. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

FOOTLIGHT FROLICS. School Opera, Charades, and Plays. By Mrs. Charles E. Fernald. Thirteen entertainments, including "Christmas Capers," a capital "Tree" introduction. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

COBWEBS. A Juvenile Operetta. By Mrs. Elizabeth P. Goodrich, author of "Young Folks' Opera," etc. 50 cents.

MOTHER GOOSE MASQUERADES. (The Lawrence Mother Goose.) By E. D. K. Containing full directions for getting up an "Evening of Nonsense," Shadow-Plays, Pantomimes, Processions, Mimic Tableaux, and all the favorite ways of delineating passages of Mother Goose. *Just the book for exhibitions.* 50 cents net.

YOUNG FOLKS' OPERA. An illustrated volume of Original Music and Words, bright, light, and sensible. By that favorite composer for the young, Mrs. Elizabeth Parsons Goodrich. 8vo. Boards. $1.00.

Sold by all booksellers and newsdealers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, Boston.

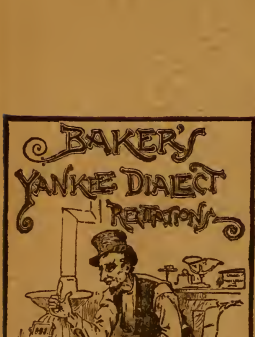
NEW ELOCUTIONARY HAND-BOOKS.

EDITED BY GEORGE M. BAKER.

IRISH DIALECT RECITATIONS. A series of the most popular Readings and Recitations in prose and verse. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

NEGRO DIALECT RECITATIONS. A series of the most popular Readings in prose and verse. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

THE GRAND ARMY SPEAKER. A collection of the best Readings and Recitations on the Civil War. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.



YANKEE DIALECT RECITATIONS. A humorous collection of the best Stories and Poems for Reading and Recitations. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

MEDLEY DIALECT RECITATIONS. A series of the most popular German, French, and Scotch Readings. Boards, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents.

THE READING CLUB and Handy Speaker, No. 18. Paper, 15 cents. Uniform with Nos. 1 to 17.

BAKER'S HUMOROUS SPEAKER. A compilation of popular selections in prose and verse in Irish, Dutch, Negro, and Yankee dialect. Uniform with "The Handy Speaker," "The Prize Speaker," "The Popular Speaker," "The Premium Speaker." Cloth, $1.00.

Sold by all Booksellers, and sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers, **LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.**

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 022 204 643 9